

9<sup>d</sup>

# Punch





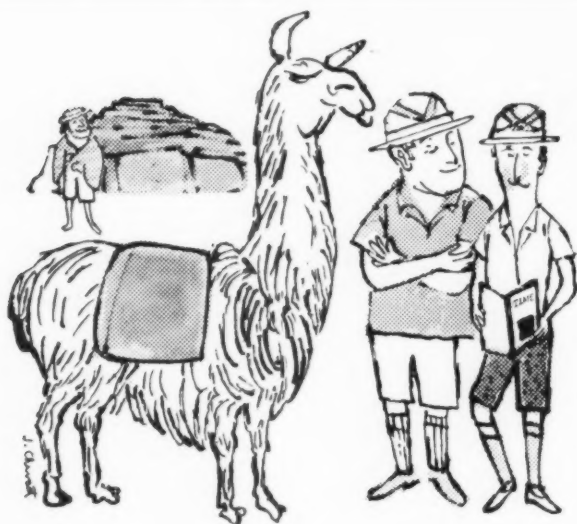
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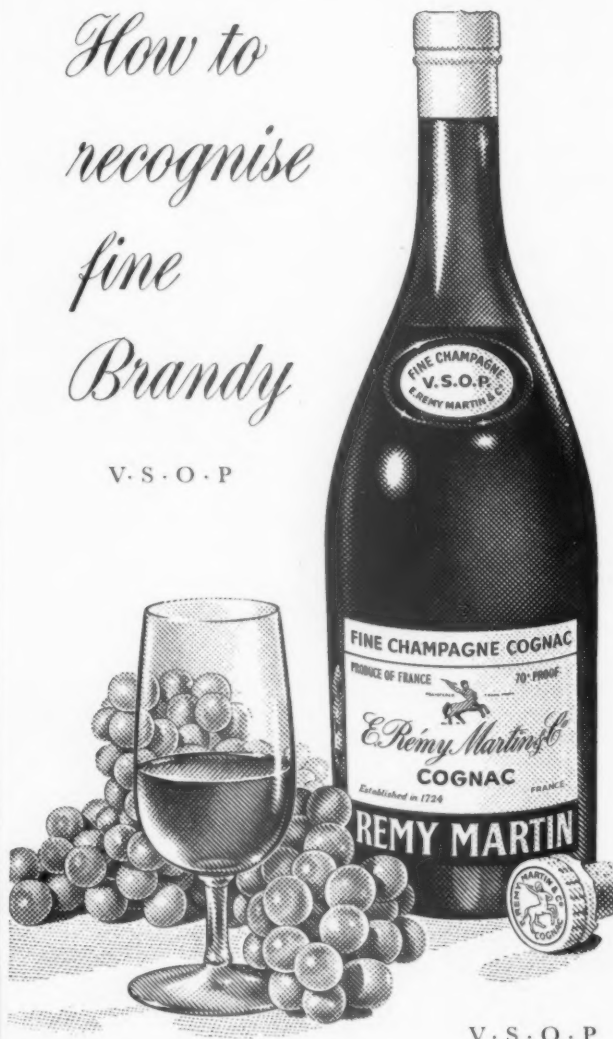
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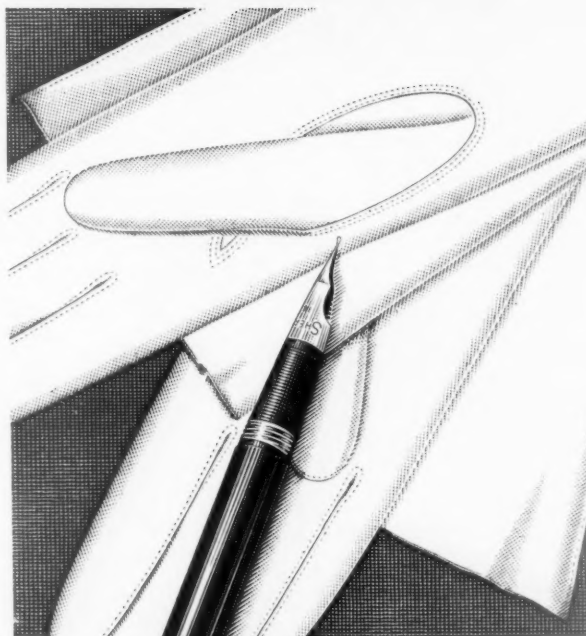
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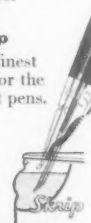
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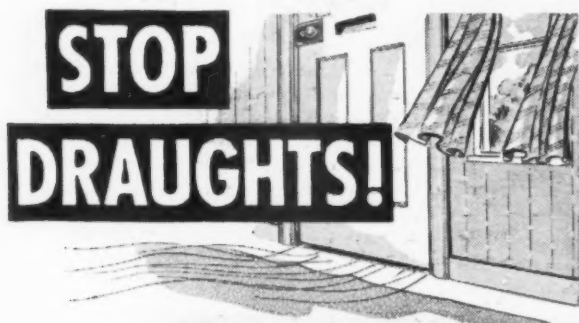
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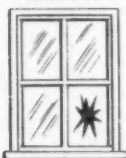
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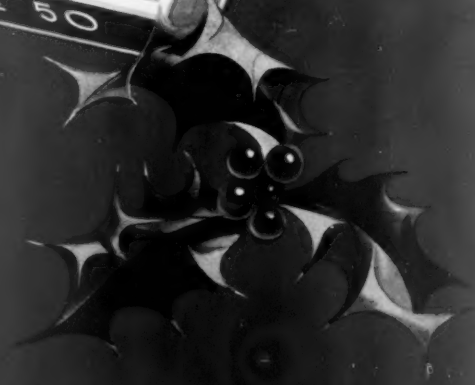
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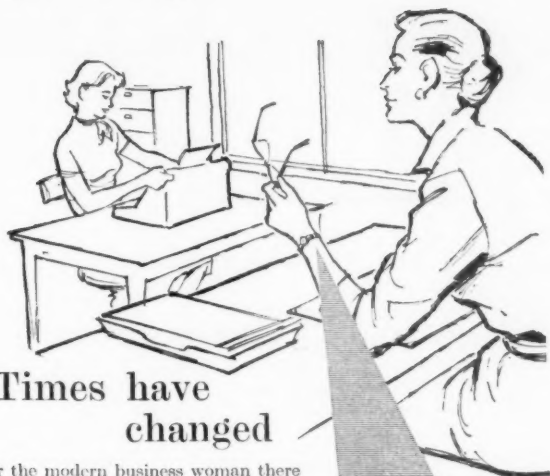
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1 glass boned chicken, 1 2lb. Xmas pudding, 1 box chocolates, 1 box glacé fruits, 1 box crackers, 1 bottle port, 1 bottle sherry, 1 box 50 cigarettes

AC3  
**£3. 10. 0**  
1 glass boned chicken, 1 jar mincemeat, 1 2lb. Xmas pudding, box of chocolates, 1 box glacé fruits, 1 packet of table jelly, 1 tin soft fruit, 1 tin cream, 1 fancy tin tea, 1 tin sweet assorted biscuits, 1 tin sweets

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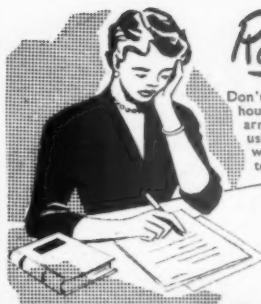


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TO  
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ALGECIRAS-

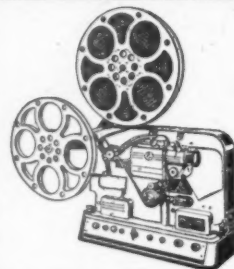
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## the things they say!



*That's a grand idea! Did one of the chaps on your*

*Design staff think it up?*

No, as a matter of fact it came from one of our fitters.

*That's unusual, isn't it? Surely most bright ideas that come to the workers*

*in our big industries just die for want of encouragement?*



Well, not here in I.C.I., at any rate. We have a scheme to discover and reward the man who's got a useful and practical idea.



*You mean you actually pay them?*

Certainly. The minimum reward for each suggestion we adopt is thirty shillings, and

there's no limit. The record so far is an award of £1000 for a method of clearing deposits out of long lengths of pipeline.



*What other suggestions do you get?*

Anything from a jig for drilling flanges to an idea for safer working.

*Yes, but in actual figures how many suggestions do you really get?*

In 1955 the scheme brought in over 33,000 suggestions, of which about 40% received awards. That shows you the interest our men take in their work.




# Top level present . . .



## Top level cigarette

*... of course!*

It is hard to think of a more acceptable or welcome gift than a Christmas Greetings box of 50 or 100 Piccadilly No. 1. Not surprising when you know that this large size fine Virginia cigarette is all choice leaf—the pick of the crop from the world's finest tobacco plantations.

fifty for 10/-  one hundred for 20/-





**I**N the opinion of a television expert on Russian affairs there is a three-way split in the Kremlin: while Molotov represents the old rule of ruthlessness and Mikoyan urges a course of Liberalism, Khrushchev is a middle-of-the-road man who "tries to please everybody." This makes him the flop of the year.

#### "And When it Comes . . ."

ANY doubts about whether there will be a Christmas this year melt shamefacedly before a seasonable handout by Brighton's director of publicity, who promises "a very full programme of novel and traditional Xmas entertainment." The novel, with two pantomimes, an Agatha Christie, gala balls, talent-spotting competitions, music from Syd Dean, Mike Mullins, Vic Conner, and Sammy Lambert, ice hockey and a match between Brighton Electricity Cricketers and the "Yule Logs," rather



seems to have the edge over the traditional, which is to be chiefly served by a twelve-foot tree in a cinema foyer and "the ever-popular Santa Claus" on duty, in fearless multiplexity, at all the big shops. All in all, the fare is rich and should take any visitor's mind off incidents, either ancient or modern, in and around the Holy Land.

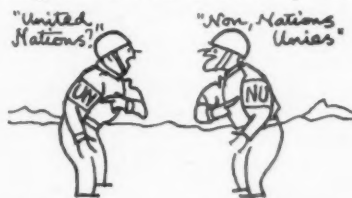
#### West is West

THE theory that we shall never understand the Russians is gaining wider and wider circulation. On the other hand, Russians reading that Nina Ponomareva was given a film-star reception at Melbourne, with bouquets,

autograph-books and cries from cheering thousands of "Nina, Nina! It's her, it's her!" may feel that they are no nearer understanding us, either.

#### Language Problem

AT a time when hard words are flying in high places it is understandable if the newspapers see hidden abuse in diplomatic exchanges innocent of anything but the usual obscurity. But



why should an evening paper get so gleeful over its story about Polish students cherishing anti-Muscovite feelings, and expressing these by "referring to the Russians as 'Russkis' . . ."? All this proves is what any good Russian-Polish dictionary knew already, that Russki is Polish for Russian.

#### The Converted

ECLIPSED by the larger efforts of Mr. Harold Macmillan and Lord Mackintosh of Halifax, Mr. Henry Brooke, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, is nevertheless hard at work rousing the nation to feats of thrift, and recently spoke tellingly to National Savings Workers in Manchester Town Hall. The speech followed the prescribed pattern, being chiefly devoted to informing the listeners of the work they had been doing, telling them how hard it had been, congratulating them fulsomely and explaining to them why they had been doing it. It was more rich in imagery ("the fight to slay the inflation dragon") then apt in illustration ("Factories and plant and machinery are the Hurricanes and Spitfires in our economic battle"—no mention of

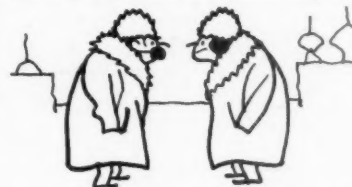
Hunters or Javelins), and exhibited, throughout, the confident bonhomie of a man who knows that his material has been compiled by experts. What may or may not have struck hearers most forcibly, however, was Mr. Brooke's assurance that Manchester savers had made "magnificent progress," that they had "a great and age-old tradition" of thrift, were "well ahead" of most of the rest of the country and were in fact saving an average of 13s. 4d. a week against a national average of 10s. 10d. But no one got up and suggested that the speaker should take his missionary zeal somewhere where it was really needed.

#### South American Way

It is understood that unscrupulous investors have been continuously on the telephone to the City Editor of *The Star*, seeking more background on his Stock Exchange note reporting that "Girls showed rises up to 5s. in early dealings, but failed to maintain part of their gains in later dealings."

#### Anyone Respond?

MR. KHRUSHCHEV's close advisers are said to be recommending him to get up



another speech to replace the one that keeps emptying the hall. A suggested theme is "Absent Friends."

#### Fifth Horseman

THOUGH military activity in the Middle East died down abruptly, paper activity in the Information Divisions of Service Departments began a ruthless barrage under which Fleet Street desks groan still. Most of the releases give the

text of mutually congratulatory messages between the Navy, the Army and the Air Force, others transmit to the public details of flattering pronouncements in the House on the efficiency of troops



engaged. It might almost have been an anti-climax for Mr. Nigel Birch, Secretary of State for Air, to take up the theme at Mold, Flintshire, but he managed to enliven the now old theme with a new twist, pointing out that successes against the Egyptians had vindicated Government policy of keeping the three Services independent and adding "I believe we should act in accordance with the Arab proverb: 'Keep your hearts together and your tents separate.'" Now it's up to Colonel Nasser to come back with something about the playing fields of Eton.

#### Stamps Going Up?

PROUD official announcements about the new postal sorting office at Norwich say that it cost £250,000 and has a room where members of the public can call and complain. No figures have yet been released by the Postmaster-General showing how many have called and complained about new postal sorting offices costing £250,000.

#### Lit. Inhum.

"... the following writers and artists have applied for visas to Hungary to make contact with the Hungarian intellectuals and to discover the facts behind the deeply disturbing reports:

Philip Toynbee, C. V. Wedgwood, Kingsley Amis, Leonard Woolf, Phyllis Bottomo, Arthur Calder-Marshall, David Garnett, Henry Reed, Enid Starkie, Stephen Potter, Gerald Barry, Christopher Fry, Ernest Raymond, Walter Allen, John Brophy, Geoffrey Grigson, Harold Nicolson, F. E. Halliday, Laurie Lee, Compton Mackenzie, George Mikes, Angus Wilson, Rex Warner, Hugh Casson and Henry Moore."

Letter in *The Times* from Stephen Spender

THE Russian soldiers drove back inch by inch

Proud Hungary's indomitable fighters;

But even those inhuman troops should flinch

Before this monstrous regiment of writers.

## HAVE A DRINK, YOU CURS

AS usual, mine genial host Nikita Khrushchev has shown the way forward to shorter, smaller parties, and despite the issue to western diplomats of badges inscribed clearly with the words "I didn't come here to be insulted" taxis still line up four minutes after the start of any Kremlin reception where K. is on the menu, in readiness to bear away the wincing, unslaked plenipotentiaries and envoys extraordinary.

The Foreign Office has been accused once again of permitting the Russians to draw ahead. This is unfair. Months ago a memorandum was circulated by the Treasury pointing out that a proper use of the Khrushchev technique can result in catering costs being cut and cloak-room attendants becoming redundant. A neat notice "Don't bother to leave your hat and coat—you'll be needing them in a moment" can take their place.

Courses in Guest Riddance have since become compulsory for "career" diplomats and many members of the Cabinet have enrolled voluntarily. In a boldly imaginative move to regain the lead for Britain every effort is being made to extend the scope and range of the original K. method.

It is pointed out that it is comparatively easy to shift people who are merely standing up at a buffet, reaching for the caviar and vodka. The real test is to heave them out of their seats at

dinner—and early in the proceedings at that. The man who is going to get ahead in diplomacy is the fellow who can wait just up to the moment when the Friends and Fellow Citizens of the World are about to tuck into the pheasant and vintage wines, and then say something—it need not be particularly subtle, a simple "I say, what swine you all look" may suffice—that will cause them to drop their cutlery with a clatter and make for the ever open door.

A nice smooth *modus operandi* which may be liked by some is to invite the envoys of this and that to a very early breakfast, saying you just can't wait to "explain" your love for their countries.

When they come puffing up, with shaving soap in their ears, you say "It's really amazing, isn't it, the way I seek to keep on friendly terms with you fellows, considering what you are. You look a little underslept, old friend. I do hope your mother didn't keep you awake barking. Why don't you and you and you get out of Kamchatka or Puerto Rico or wherever it is you are currently doing your truffle-hunting and stay out?"

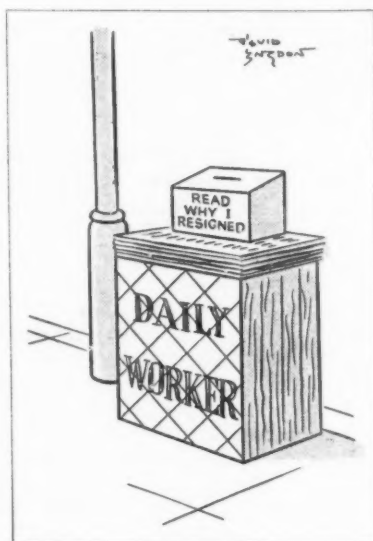
As a matter of fact the whole technique is not entirely new, having been invented a good many years ago by millionaire practical joker Vincent Astor, of New York, who used to hire an actor, skilled also in conjuring and acrobatics, to officiate as "butler" at parties, and annoy and embarrass people.

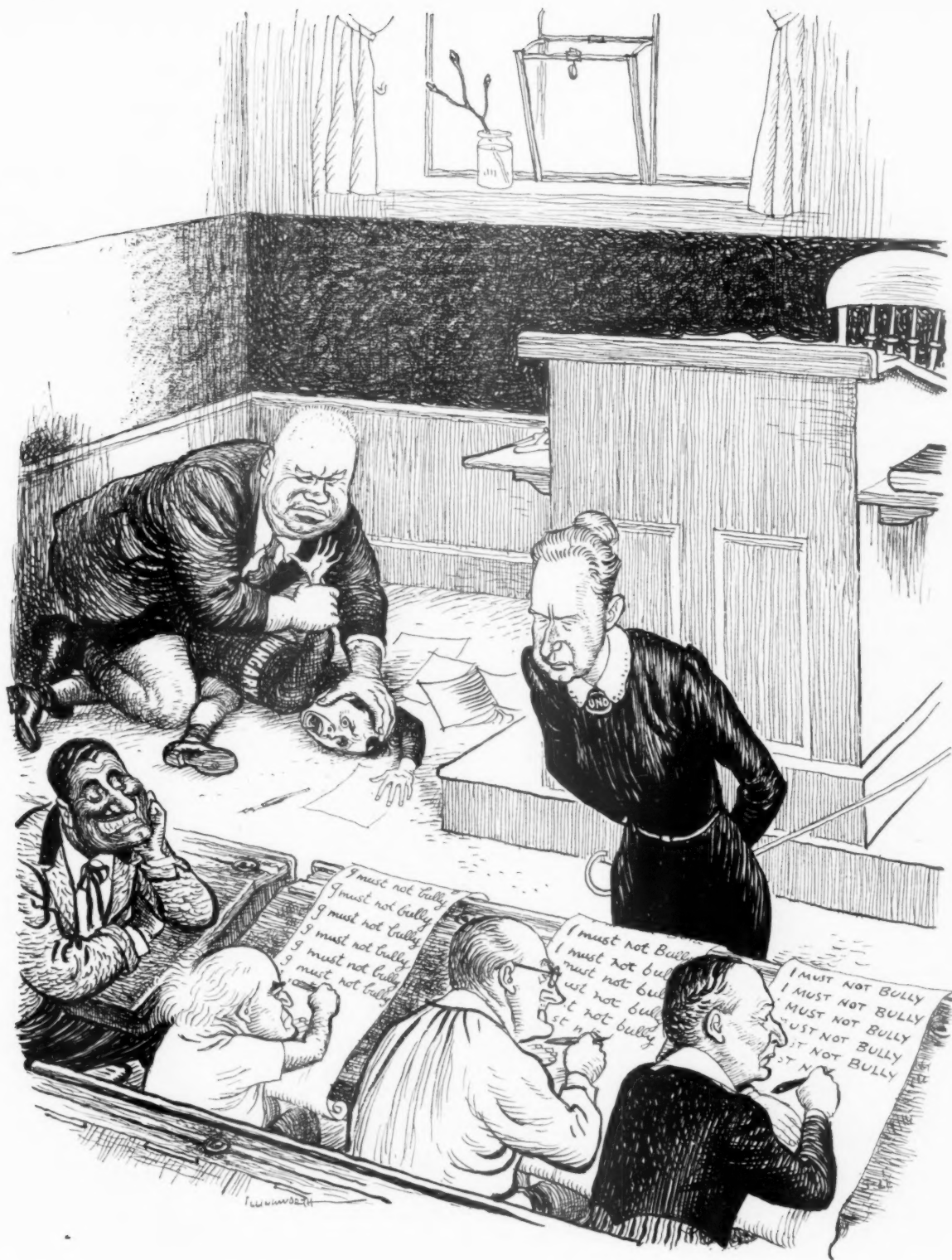
He actually lent the man once to Mr. Charley Gates Dawes, then United States Ambassador to London. At a formal dinner party to foster Anglo-American goodwill this "butler," in addition to whispering insults, pretended to stumble drunkenly and knocked a hot soufflé out of a footman's hand right on to the back of Mrs. (as she then was) Stanley Baldwin, wife of the Prime Minister (as he then was.)

No one laughed more heartily than Mr. Dawes.

Which goes to show that the Russian claim to have started everything is baseless, and if you were a little more sensitive, Mr. K., you'd leave what remains in that cocktail shaker to other guests and go.

The theory that Mr. Khrushchev actually is Vincent Astor's former employee is the merest speculation. C. C.





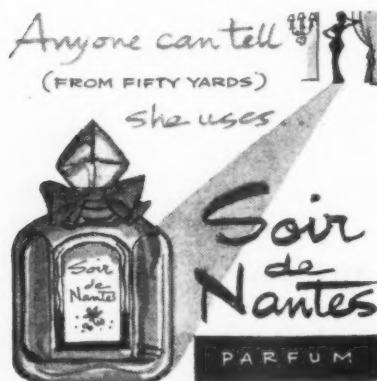
# Notes for Young Copywriters

By ELKAN ALLAN

(We are fortunate in being able to publish the following notes which are handed to novice copywriters, visualizers and artists by the Director of Creation in a leading advertising agency.)

1. All advertisements must contain the pictorial representation of a nubile young woman.

2. The further the relationship of the product from young women the more prominent the young woman shall be. E.g. in the case of a perfume, you may emphasize the bottle, the label, the admiring sniffs or the evocation of the name, thus:



but in the case of a steam shovel the emphasis must be thus:



3. To assist the staff in creating situations where the maximum of displayable body is displayed, here is a

list of garments and situations which we call the "Basic Ten":

Beach scene. Classical statue.  
Undies. Short short shorts.  
Getting into bath. Chorus girl.  
Having a bath. Evening gown.  
Getting out of bath. Bed.

4. The creation of a Miss Article can often help to solve the basic problem of How To Get Her In. We have had notable successes with Miss Electronic Computers, Miss Sewerage Contractors and Miss Drugs of 1956, and some notes on how to go about the election of Miss Product will be useful:

- (a) select from the available files from model agencies the girl you wish to have elected;
- (b) throw a party for the Press to announce the search for your Miss;
- (c) engage six models to act as finalists;
- (d) throw a party for the Press to meet the finalists;
- (e) send a reliable man into the provinces for regional finals;
- (f) throw several parties for the provincial Press to meet regional finalists;
- (g) set a date for the Grand Finals;
- (h) throw a party for the Press to announce the date;
- (i) arrange with a dance hall to include the choosing as a Great Added Attraction and invite anyone who has ever been in a film or on television to act as judges;
- (j) throw a party for the Press to meet the judges;
- (k) have the Grand Final;
- (l) throw a party for the Press to meet the girl you first thought of;
- (m) take her on Grand Tours;
- (n) throw parties for the Press en route.

(In view of items b, d, f, h, j, l, and n it may be as well to point out that clients are more prepared to spend money on parties for the Press than any other form of advertising; the reason for this is that the directors thus get to meet the girls themselves and have an even chance of getting their own pictures in the paper.)

5. The proportions of the female

body must always be in the ratio of 5-2-4 (i.e. bust 5—waist 2—hips 4). This amends the earlier instruction of 4-2-4, and of course the now historic ratio of 5-1-5.

6. All young women must expose the maximum area of breast. We feel a certain amount of pride at having taken a leading role in continually increasing the accepted displayable amount. Only a few short years ago it was not considered possible to show more than one-tenth the area of bosom: see, for instance, this 1938 advertisement:



Notice how by 1948, with the *zeitgeist* typified if not actually engendered by Miss Jane Russell, it was possible to expose this amount:



In 1956, assisted by the further examples of Miss Diana Dors and Miss Norma Sykes, we are able to display all but the promontories themselves:

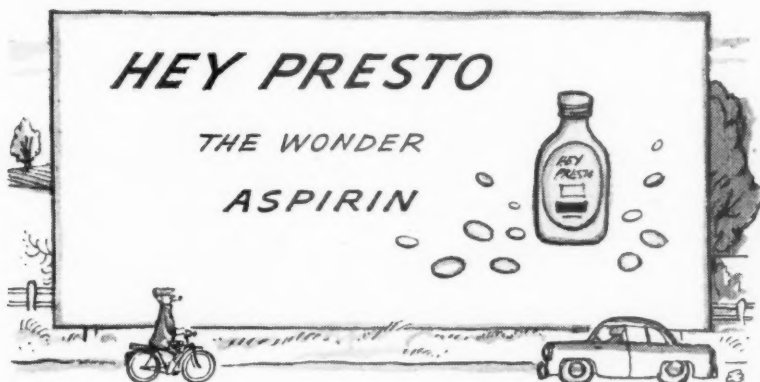


7. Posters: We have an excellent method of judging the pulling power of



young women on posters in the number of accidents to male drivers in the v.i.a. (vision impact area) of a poster or billboard.

After this board—

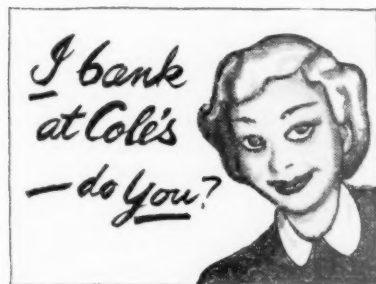


was replaced by this—



the number of accidents in the v.i.a. rose to a gratifying 350 per cent of the previous rate. Fatalities were no less than five times as many.

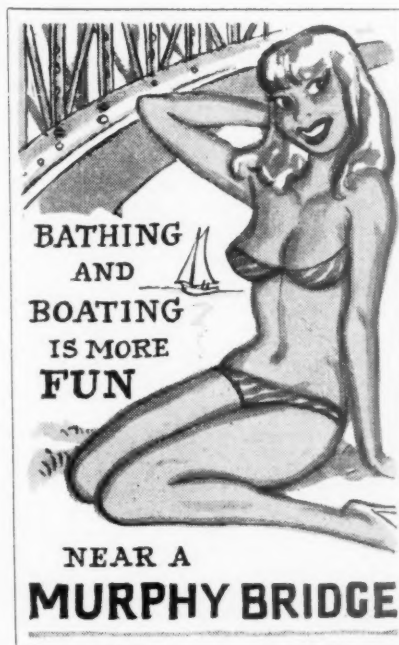
8. The relationship of the model to the product and the expression on her face are matters of considerable importance. Time was when she merely smiled simperingly out at the p.p. (prospective purchaser):



Then, in the late 'forties, when the power of young women was first fully realized, the expression became too obvious. Unconsciously the p.p. confused the product with the model, and in more than one lamentable case the research index showed a higher proportion of inquiries for the model's telephone number than for the advertised product:



We have now come to realize that the model must in some way *express* or *typify* the product. Thus, in our famous series for Murphy's Bridges we have always insisted that the young woman is in physical contact with the bridge, thus:



In this way Murphy's Bridges are a part of the girl and the girl is a part of Murphy's Bridges.

9. Indecency: while it is necessary to create the most evocative photograph or drawing, the limits of decency must be observed. This is a pity, but the ingenious photographer, retoucher and artist will quickly learn how to avoid giving actual offence.

10. Finally, remember that Advertising is a leading Profession, and that every piece of creative work you do is a contribution to understanding among the Peoples of the World. The more goods that are sold, the more the wheels of industry can keep turning and the greater the Prosperity of our country. Every advertisement should be a work of Art. Advertising is the marriage between the two great forces of Art and Industry.

Addition: as the result of recent market research, we are convinced that legs are coming back. Please, therefore, show full figures in all possible ways.



## Promiscuity, Lust and Everything

**Sex Can Be Fun—a Survey.** Alastair Hinge and Ronald Plurry. *Enlightenment Press*, 42/-

THIS survey was carried out by two middle-aged anthropologists in soiled raincoats. They are a grubby-looking pair, and write under assumed names because up to now they've had a pretty good run for their money and don't want the pitch queered. Their previous works in the same field have included:

1. *First Steps In Sex.* (A Primer For Lively Minds.)
2. *Abortion For the Layman.* (A Treatise.)
3. *Investigation Into the Practices of Certain Primitive Tribes.* (A Pamphlet.)
4. *Bare Women From All Angles.* (An Art book for sculptors only, on glossy paper.)
5. *Life and Love In the Mogo Isles.* (A travel book, with smudgy illustrations and an Appendix on Fertility Rites.)
6. *Frank Harris Knew Me Well,* by A Lady of Quality. (An autobiography.)
7. *The Heart of a Tart.* (A novel.)

These works have one admirable quality in common: they sell like nobody's business. Nos. 6 and 7 are only mildly erotic despite the promise of pornography on the dust-jacket; Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 are so crammed with scientific stodge that you have to scabble about for ages before you track down all the dirty words.

From the present work we give first Table 3 ("The Faithfulness Factor") from the Petting Tables in Section 4:

Group Analysed—Suburban Married Women Voters 40-50 years.		
Question	% Answering "Yes"	% Don't Know
Have you had any experience? ..	17	31
Was it worth it? ..	30	18
Any innocent extra-marital friendships with doctors or company directors? ..	2	73
Do you snub men who give up their seats in trams, buses? ..	14	35
Are you fascinated by tales of sheiks, Rubirosa, Liberace? ..	6	83
Have you ever made up a foursome to help out a friend? ..	80	2
What happened? ..	80	2
Are you attracted by polyandry? ..	7	93

This admirably demonstrates both the mood and the method of the whole work. The mood is enticingly frank. The method relies on the use of titillating words such as "marital," "experience," "innocent," "sheiks," and "friend," which send the reader excitedly on from Table to Table, Chart to Graph, seeking still spicier sensations, while at the same time keeping him righteously aware that he is mugging up his Anthropology.

Here now is part of Table 8 ("The Awareness Factor"):

Group Analysed—Consenting Adults				
Question	% Yes	% Answering		% Eh?
		No	H'm	
Do you regard the Polynesian nose-kiss as obscene? ..	68	31	—	1
Would you like to take up anthropology yourself? ..	70	29	1	—
Do you tend to read newspaper paragraphs headed "Elderly Man Bound Over"? ..	35	65	—	—
Are you against the idea of men and women working together in factories? ..	27	33	12	28
Do you regard cricket pads as erotic symbols? ..	100	—	—	—
Are you horrified by the word "nubile"? ..	25	26	17	32
You blush when confronted by a row of asterisks, don't you? ..	1	13	13	63
Do you think neuroses are caused by any one thing? ..	49	49	1	1

That Table, by the way, is sometimes referred to by the authors as "The Multiplication Table."

It should be fairly obvious by now that one or other of the authors was left a big thick ledger by his uncle, with lots of perpendicular lines down one side of the page. It was in fact Mr. Hinge, and before he hit on sex as a means of sublimating his ledger he used to tear odd pages out and make them into aeroplanes, which soon proved to be getting him nowhere.

Table 12, reproduced opposite, is one of the most daring in the book, and is only reproduced at all because we don't see why *this* journal shouldn't take a hint from Messrs. Hinge



and Plurry. (This technique of reprinting smut in order to show disapproval of it has, of course, been brought to a fine art in certain sections of the Sunday press, and will catch on rapidly, with any luck.)

Table 12. PETTING (NECKING), PREVALENCE AND CHARACTER OF  
Group Analysed—Undergraduates, Human Male and Female

Question	Yes	No	Don't Care	Others
Should boys dance together?	72	5	12	11
Vice versa?	11	12	5	72
Is extra-mural kissing immoral?	12	12	76	—
Would you sit alone in an Espresso bar?	98	1	—	1
Do you approve of mixed cocoa parties?	33	17	24	26
Would you rock 'n' roll with a foreign student?	84	5	2	9
If you allowed a boy to carry your books would you assume you were committed to much?	—	82	13	5
You like a boy to take you to an "X" film, don't you?	76	2	9	13
Have you ever wondered about orgies?	99	—	—	1

It should perhaps be observed here that the figures quoted in the columns on the right of these Tables *don't matter in the least*. Mr. Plurry himself, during a booze-up in a pub off the Tottenham Court Road, recently confided to our roving reporter that he makes most of them up out of his head. And Mr. Hinge once let slip the fact that the only person they ever actually *questioned* was a woman coming out of a tea-shop with a lot of parcels. They wedged her into a doorway and asked "Do you think your wife regards you as a father-figure?" and she knocked them both into the gutter. "Trouble was," says Mr. Plurry, "we had the question wrong way round."

Here now is Table 13, which brings us confidently into the realm of Kinsey, Meade, Schumpfenfelt, McGrew, Stopes, etc. Messrs. Hinge and Plurry have framed photos of all these people, and have often acknowledged a deep debt to some of

them. This Table is in the simple, classic style which has done so much to lift scientific literature above the counter and out of its erstwhile rather gloomy obscurity.

Note the clean, airy lay-out, striking a note of anthropological gaiety as soon as the page is opened.

Table 13. INCIDENCE OF SEX ROMANCE (HUMAN MALE AND FEMALE)

	AGE IN YEARS			
	Males	Females	Misc.	Others
Age at "Average Mean Awareness" .. ..	10+	10+	—	Not available
First kiss .. ..	12+	Not available	12+	—
Arrival of interest in "dates" .. ..	7+	7+	—	—
Dawn of curiosity about Biology .. ..	36	41	17	19
First copy of <i>News of the World</i> .. ..	21+	21+	21+	8
Learning to drive one-handed .. ..	45	—	—	—
Emergence of fears of senescence .. ..	50+	16+	72+	80

Finally, a word from the authors themselves. In a striking passage on page ix of the Preface they write:

It has not been our main purpose to make money. Our aim throughout has been to instruct (See coloured plate between pages 102 and 103—*Provocative Female Costume Down the Ages*). If at the same time we have stimulated you to experiment, to ponder, to reminisce, or to wish to read our forthcoming work (*Rape: Is There a Cure?*), then we will be happy indeed. More than that we cannot be.

Apart from the plate mentioned in the above extract, the book contains a number of other illustrations. Lack of space, and lack of space alone, prevents us from reproducing any of them here—of that you may be absolutely certain.

By and large, a jolly good read.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD & ALEX ATKINSON

3 3

"FACT: WE ARE GOING TO KILL 10,000 PEOPLE IN 5 YEARS."  
"Help the Express to get something done"—Headlines in *Daily Express*  
That depends where you're going to start.



WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND



## More Daring Than The Confessional Box! The Gruesome Facts Behind A Girl's Strange Passion!

**This is the story they DARED us to print!**

NO OTHER SUNDAY PAPER was BIG enough, BROAD-MINDED enough, FEARLESS enough, DESPERATE enough, to give the world the STARK, UNPRINTABLE facts of Mabel Ormonroyd's SAGA OF FORBIDDEN PASSION, as told in her own words to ace love-reporter Alice Atkinson.

**At Last! This week, as promised, we begin the Frankest Series Of All—the Amazing Story of The Girl Who Defied Tradition, Rome and Mother for the sake of Romance!**

**—PLACE A REGULAR ORDER NOW!**

# I MARRIED A MONK!

**I HAD** been going out with Harry for more than a fortnight when, on seeing him without a hat one day, it struck me that there was something funny about his hair.

"Mr. Budleigh," I exclaimed, "why is your hair in a kind of ring with a space in the middle?"

*He laughed it off. Even then I did not twig, for I am a normal, healthy girl, attractive and blonde, with long, slim legs. Later, however, when I inquired if I could call him Harry as he was calling me Mabel, he said "Oh, no. You had better call me father."*

Naturally I became suspicious at this, and one night when we were in the flicks I said to him outright "Harry, I suppose you realize that you are a monk?"

### I Undressed Quickly...

"Why, whatever makes you think that?" he exclaimed, and I said "Because you always have bare feet." "Yes," he said, "I was afraid that might give the game away. Well, dear, how do you like going steady with a monk?"

"I will have to think it over," I retorted, "for it has come as a surprise to me. Tell me one thing,

Harry," I pleaded: "you are not married, are you?" "Oh, no," he said. That night I undressed quickly and went to bed, but I could not sleep. Should I marry a monk?

### Took Me Into The Crypt...

Was I doing the right thing, I asked myself? What did I know of life in a monastery? I had been in a cathedral with my grandfather when I was three, and he took me into the crypt and showed me the stained glass windows, but would I fancy living in such surroundings?

However, my mind was made up, for Harry had stolen my heart, and over breakfast I outlined my plan to mother. I could tell she was surprised, but I had already decided to defy her.

"I do not approve of it," she declared. "It would be different if you were a nun, but you are not, and I can't see it working out for the best.

Besides," she added, "he might turn out to be an R.C., and what would your poor father have said to that?"

I didn't see Harry for a week, as he was on a retreat, but at our next meeting I said "I do not care what you do for a living, Harry, as I am crazed with desire for you." "Very well," he said.

### Monastery Secrets

Over tea Harry told me of his strange life as a monk, and I can reveal for the first time SOME SECRETS OF THE MONASTERY. For instance, monks do not get much of a wage. Also they have to sing a lot, and are not encouraged to go in for wedlock, on account of it not being thought very nice.

"It's daft, I suppose," said Harry, "but there it is. And it would take ages to get a special dispensation through."

This was news to me. I bit my lip with disappointment. "Harry," I said, "you must think of something. I am sixteen already, and very advanced for my age. Is our love to come to naught?" "Cheer up," Harry said. "I think a register office is our best bet on the whole."

We were wed at once, although we decided to postpone the honeymoon until February, when Harry said he had some

leave due to him. The wedding was quiet, and the ring proved a bit small, and almost cut into my flesh. I wore a figure-hugging black two-piece, and afterwards Harry changed back into his robe and sandals behind some bushes in the park while I kept watch.

In the bus on the way to the monastery several people stared rudely at me sitting on Harry's lap, but I did not care, as I was proud to be the bride of a monk at last.

Under cover of darkness, Harry gave me a leg-up over the monastery wall.

How thrilled I was to be in our own little home at last! It was just the one room, and there was no gas-stove as yet, but I loved it.

The first few weeks were idyllic, although I didn't see much of Harry as he seemed to be always on the night-shift.

### In My Nightie

But soon some of Harry's friends began to get suspicious of the bowls of soup he kept smuggling into his cell, and one day I bumped into the Abbot as I came out of the bathroom in my nightie. I'm sure he wondered what I was doing there.

At last I suggested that we should make our getaway. "You could grow your hair," I said. "Here our love cannot burgeon properly, and I am getting sick of you in a skirt."

"But what will we live on?" inquired my strange spouse. "There aren't many openings for a monk in civvy street." "Do not be so silly," I retorted. "We will write our amazing story, and perhaps get put in the same barrel at Blackpool."

"Just what I always wanted!" exclaimed Harry.

"Me too!" I said.

And so I looked forward to the next stage of my ASTOUNDING SAGA OF PASSION...

(Next Week: Mabel Ormonroyd's Disappointment! NOT A MONK AT ALL! A Cruel Imposture! Order Your Copy Now!!)

Asked about the general moral tone of "daughter had been hypnotized or was the camp concerned," he replied "Nothing under the influence of some 'sex drug.' But lechery. All incontinent varieties." It became clear, however, that she had

## 'Newly-weds Could Have Lived' -Vicar

"If the Ministry of Health officials had shown a little more understanding, these two young people would be alive to-day. Their action was bureaucratic run riot."

In support of this allegation, the Reverend Laurence told the Coroner that his curate, who was carrying a vital message to the young husband, had been forcibly detained on the ground that he had been in contact with an infectious disease.

### "Not Nice"

Asked whether he had himself admitted that the letter was "not nice," witness said he might have said something of the sort. He had, he said, been upset by the thought of "a living corpse" being "enclosed in a dead man's tomb." The Coroner said that was very natural.

The message, had it been delivered, would have done much to prevent a

## "So-called Island of Vice"

"These disgusting allegations against a distinguished scientist" was Counsel's description of newspaper reports which were the subject of a libel action.

"Poison pens and vulgar title-tattle," continued Counsel, "have been responsible for all this talk of 'black magic,' and this so-called 'island of vice.'"

He was amazed, he said, that any newspaper (not the "News of the Globe") had dared to give such rumours currency.

### Nightmare Stuff

The so-called "experiments," involving a "monster" and the young daughter of Professor Prospero, had been perfectly normal scientific procedure. Moreover, the daughter was now, he understood, happily married, and had been deeply distressed by the publication of these rumours which might well be thought to be such stuff as nightmares are made of.

She vaguely remembered a young man whom her father addressed as Ariel, but denied that he had "meant" anything to her. She had considered him "effeminate."

misunderstanding with most unfortunate consequences.

He agreed that he had himself officiated when the couple secretly went through a form of marriage at his house.

Asked "Why the secrecy?" he said there had been family objections to the marriage. He did not think that intimacy had taken place before the marriage.

### "Very Much In Love"

"But," he added, "they were very much in love. So much so that I refused to leave them alone in my study for even a few minutes before performing the ceremony."

A woman who had been in domestic service with the deceased girl's parents described them as being of a violent disposition.

## Disorderly House Alleged

POLICEMEN who for several nights had kept watch on a house in Eastcheap had brought to light a very serious state of affairs, prosecuting Counsel told magistrates at an East London court.

The evidence, he said, left no doubt that the house was in every sense of the word disorderly.

A particularly disquieting feature was that Mrs. Quickly, proprietress of the house in question and now in the dock, seemed to make a speciality of providing serving Army officers with what he could only describe as "wine, women and song."

### Well-known Names

Several officers who had not reported for duty at the proper time were found later to have been frequenting this particular establishment.

"I would take this opportunity," said Counsel, "to warn the court that attempts are likely to be made by the defendant to suggest that the place was under distinguished patronage. It would, I submit, be grossly unfair if these people were allowed to drag in the mud the names of people well known in London Society."

After some discussion the court gave

leave for a young man whose name had been mentioned in connexion with the case to be referred to as "Mr. H."

### Called Him "Cheater"

Mrs. Quickly said that one of the officers referred to had, in fact, been her fiancé for many years. She admitted that on one occasion she had tried to have him arrested for breach of promise, as well as for money owing to her, but stated that this had been due to a misunderstanding.

Questioned about her alleged association with a Captain Pistol, Miss D. Yearsheet of the same address agreed that he had on several occasions attempted to interfere with her clothing, but she had witnesses to testify that she had called out to others in the room asking them "for God's sake," to "thrust him downstairs."

She had also told the Captain to his face that he was, in her opinion, "an abominable damned cheater."

The case was adjourned.

## The Rest of the NEWS OF THE GLOBE

● Officers returning from Egypt expressed great satisfaction with conditions of service there. Confirming that eight wild boars roasted whole were often served as breakfast for twelve officers, Major Enobarbus said that this was considered a fairly light meal.

● Mrs. Page, of Windsor, wants to present a walking-stick to her local church, but has asked that it should be blessed and hung over the altar. She declined to give any reason for her offer, beyond stating that the stick had "performed meritorious service." The Vicar, while welcoming all contributions, said this one "seemed unusual."

● Conditions of employment in "stately homes" recently taken over by the National Trust are to be investigated

following allegations by a man working as a porter at a picturesque castle near Inverness that he was asked to do excessive night-work. "One night," he said, "be working at the gates of hell."

● The skipper of a ship recently wrecked on the Illyrian coast has described how he helped a girl passenger, whose name he did not know, enter the country disguised as a man. He said he gathered she was collecting material for an intimate picture of the Illyria court.

● Because a more than average number of twins were born in the year before the War, cases of mistaken identity are likely to be on the increase, a medical authority said, commenting on a recent case in which confusion had arisen over the identity of twin brothers.

both having the same name. Each of the brothers employed a valet, the two valets being also twins, named Dromio.

● As a result of the credit squeeze, a judge has warned money-lenders seen to be growing more exorbitant in their demands. Rebuking one of the latter for demanding what he called his "pound of flesh," the judge said he had no right to take advantage of the country's economic plight.

● An ex-officer, campaigning for election to the Council, has denied saying that while he was several times wounded on active service, many of the voters had "roared and run" for no good reason. He said it was absurd to allege that he had told his agent that all he wanted was that the voters should "wash their faces and keep their teeth clean."



# SMOTHERED TEEN-AGE BRIDE

## Officers Object to "Lechery" Charge

**D**ESCRIBED as a Turkish citizen, a man was recommended by magistrates for deportation after evidence had been given that he had encouraged the use of his orchard for immoral purposes.

A second charge, that he had lived on the immoral earnings of his niece, the daughter of a clergyman, was dropped.

Agreeing that he was the author of the popular song "Love, love, nothing but love, Still more," the defendant stated that he had believed throughout that he was acting in the best interests of his niece, Miss Calchas.

It was stated that Miss Calchas had recently left the country to join an officer of the Greek Army. "Everybody called her Cressid," said her uncle.

### Introduced to Officers

The defendant denied that he had received any monetary consideration for introducing his niece to Army officers. She had spoken of them as her "fancés" and he had allowed her the use of his orchard on that understanding.

He did not agree that on one occasion he had used the words "I will show you a chamber with a bed." He did not know how often intimacy had taken place between his niece and visiting officers.

There were angry interruptions from officers in court during the cross-questioning of a witness who gave his name as "Thersites, and was described as a journalist.

## MARRIAGE-BED TRAGEDY

*"I hope this will be a warning to other young girls against letting their heads be turned by boastful talk and the lure of novelty."*

*This was the comment of a Cyprus coroner during the inquest on a coloured man, said to be a Moor, who stabbed himself after killing his teen-age bride in a fit of what was described as "insane jealousy."*

The inquest disclosed an amazing story of a girl's fatal infatuation for a middle-aged African, whom a neighbour later remembered as "lascivious."

The man had been a frequent visitor at her home. Her father was under the impression that he came simply to have a chat with him about old times. He had a fund of interesting anecdotes and "tall" stories.

Cross-examined, the father said that when his guest claimed to have seen men with their heads growing under their shoulders he had thought it "just a manner of speaking."

Having noticed nothing "out of place" between his daughter and the visitor, the father was naturally upset when two men visited him late one night and alleged that the couple had just contracted a secret marriage.

### "Old Black Ram"

Without referring directly to either of the deceased, but using such terms as "old black ram" and "white ewe," they gave him to understand that immediate intervention on his part might still prevent consummation of the marriage.

Later he found that the girl had, in fact, gone to spend the night at her new husband's lodging.

The father first assumed that his

## MOTHER'S PLEA

## AGAINST SON REJECTED

**R**EFUSING to grant an injunction, a judge said last week that he had come to the conclusion while watching the behaviour of the applicant in the box that she had a tendency to hysteria.

"I believe," he said, "that in cases where a woman re-marries after her husband's death, the child of the original marriage is often under a considerable stress."

But these things are merely passing, and I am confident that if the applicant and her husband exercise ordinary sympathy and common sense they will find that this young man, Hamlet, will play the game."

"I dare say you will all three have a good laugh over this later."

### Youth Warned

Turning to the son, the Judge said "Your mother seeks legal action to restrain you from uttering threats and menaces against herself and your step-father. She has said here that you recently accused her of 'honeymooning and making love over the nasty st.'"

"I would remind you that your mother and step-father are legally married, and that charges of this sort are entirely out of place. I am sure I can rely on you to behave yourself in future."

The son was understood to say "That's what you think, wait till Act Five," as he left the court.



## Selection Board

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

WHEN the yellow light showed over the door the Sales Manager put out his cigarette. The Chairman was on his way, and the Chairman discouraged all but cigar smoke in the Boardroom. Blotsch, of Accounts, shook together his neat pile of publicity estimates and affected not to see the lecherous wink of the company's legal adviser. Blotsch suspected that Fingle, despite his dry talk of torts and hereditaments, ran to loose living and got more than academic satisfaction out of the monthly Model Day—"Leg-Show Friday," Fingle called it, leering.

Sir Rupert bowed and took his tall-backed chair with a suppressed wheeze. He was papery-skinned, spruce, angular and faintly military. Years ago he had always been Major Crowitt-Rorke, but the knighthood had civilianized him.

"Batcher!" he rasped, and held out to the Sales Manager a thin old handful of glossy half-plate photographs; the light from the central chandelier was subdued, but its gleam on the brittle surfaces caught a quick confusion of white shoulders and fish-net stockings and was reflected, thought Blotsch, in Fingle's warm blue eye. "Rejects," said Sir Rupert. "Sixteen of 'em, and not one a bit of good. Flat-chested, bad ankles, too bony, thin upper arms, sharp noses. Damn it, Batcher, some of those girls should never be photographed, let alone advertise Crowitt-Rorke Fish-Extract Gum, see the Fish on the Label." The Chairman never

mentioned the product without adding the traditional corollary. Irreverent members of the staff tended to mutter the words as he swept through the offices. "Good morning, sir"—and as the door puffed to—"See the fish on the label, sir."

Batcher gathered the photographs and tucked them face down in his red morocco blotter. This was how Leg-Show Friday always began, and he had long given up explaining that the extreme catholicity of Sir Rupert's personal taste in young womanhood made a wide selection imperative. In any case, the Chairman's official memo had already reached him, with the usual short list of five. This month, apparently, the old man was running to busts. As the remaining directors leafed through their sets of seeded applicants, though with a practised air of emotional detachment, they all registered the same thought. The girls were a top-heavy lot, bursting outwards and upwards. Old General Chafewater put his lips to the ear of Lord Export on his left and spoke one word in a ringing tone: "Tarts."

"General?" said Sir Rupert. But the old man had earned his fees for the day and subsided into his high-collared tweed suit.

"Well, gentlemen." Sir Rupert pressed the bell-push conveniently sited on the arm of his chair, where his right index finger naturally fell—at his age conservation of energy was of prime importance. His eight directors turned imperceptibly towards the ante-room door. Fingle arranged his tie with an automatic movement and brushed a fleck of dust from his lapel, but the rest preserved an excessive calm as Miss Wiggs, horn-rimmed and severe, entered with her inevitable notebook.

"All together, first, Miss Wiggs," said Sir Rupert. It was routine. The five models filed in springily. They wore electric-blue swimsuits of economical design; a dozen of these, all alike, were kept in the Women's Staff Rest Room, their colour the somewhat spiteful choice of Miss Wiggs, the cut decreed by Mr. Batcher under advice from Sir Rupert. It was clear that the girls had had earlier briefing. They walked, smiled, turned, went out.

"Very nice indeed," said Fingle, touching his small, fair moustache delicately.

"Naturally," said the Chairman. "And now, gentlemen, before we see the young ladies separately, may I remind you . . ." It was routine . . . the grave injunction to remember that the Board must at this point exclude all considerations but one. Which of the candidates, framed in a quarter-page space and posed beside a mammoth dispenser, would sell the most Crowitt-Rorke Fish-Extract Gum (see the Fish on the Label)?

The solo parades were short and stylized, and after each one the folded voting papers were passed to the head of the table. There were still twenty minutes to luncheon when Sir Rupert lit his long Havana, screwed the papers into his ash-tray and dropped the match in after them. The grey smoke spiralled quickly up and he expelled across it a blue stream of his own.

"Thank you, gentlemen." He consulted a note on his blotter. "On a free vote of the Board: a Miss Pattie—um—Grimes."

"The big blonde with the—?" It was Fingle, whose detachment often broke down at this point. But he did not finish, and rose to his feet with the rest.

Sir Rupert remained in his place after they had gone, rallying his strength. When his finger touched the bell-push again, Miss Grimes slid her profile round the door, fussing the mutation mink about her shoulders. "Okay?"

"Certainly." Sir Rupert pushed back his chair. "So it's 'Grimes.' No wonder you wouldn't tell!"

"Honey-pie," said the blonde, and lowered herself on to his knee.



### NEXT WEEK'S PUNCH

will contain the sixth of  
RONALD SEARLE'S

"Heroes of our Time":

a portrait of

LORD BEAVERBROOK



## Showing the Flag

*"The head waiter put a small Union Jack on my table at every meal . . . He said: 'You are the only lady dining alone; our ladies do not do this—although we know in England it is quite usual. So we place this flag on your table to inform the gentlemen present that you are English and not to be accosted.'"*—Letter in women's magazine

**H**URRAH for the hols! For Miss Fosdyke is off,  
Forsaking the maths and the hockey  
For a little albergo she visits to scoff

The pizza, the vino, the *true* cappuccino,  
The gnocchi.

Behind all that hearty façade she has grown  
Are prurient passions imprisoned?

No! The strange fact that she's dining alone  
May appear to impart that Miss Fosdyke's a tart,  
But she isn't.

Though netball and hockey developed Miss F.  
To a near-Lollobrigidan figure,  
To Cupid's appeals she appears to be deaf;  
Though the residents first were impressed by her thirst,  
Which was bigger.

For eating and drinking are passions with her:  
The natives are masters of pasta  
And give their spaghetti a vigorous stir  
As they eat a repast: but although they are fast  
She is faster.



She's good with the waiters; she knows about wine;  
She can spell (and pronounce) zabaglione;  
But though as a customer Fosdyke is fine  
The management feels that, apart from her meals,  
She's a phoney.

When a gentleman hovered beside her one night  
She incautiously answered his question  
With the phrasebook-Italian for "Yes, it's all right—  
Take a seat": so he stayed. And in due course he made  
A suggestion . . .

The rage of Miss Fosdyke was great to behold:  
Though aware continentals were skittish  
She insisted that bachelors all should be told  
A fact she presumed was already assumed—  
She was British.

The waiter was shaken and hastened to act  
To prevent any more molestation:  
He thought of a scheme and applied it with tact,  
So Miss Fosdyke could eat yet remain in complete  
Isolation.

The Empire is shrinking: we seem to have said  
Too much of our power "Do svidaniya"  
Now that most of the world must be taken as Red—  
But if trouble is rife there is plenty of life  
In Britannia.

Her buckler is buckled a little, her sword  
Is rusted and hardly efficient:  
How splendid to find there are corners abroad  
Where it's pointless to brag! Merely showing the flag  
Is sufficient.

ANTHONY BRODE



*Holy Matrimony*







## One Neck, One Chin, and So Forth

By ALISON ADBURGHAM

SHAKESPEARE's period was not an expurgated one; yet when Olivia gave an inventory of her beauty (*Item*, Two lips, indifferent red; *Item*, Two grey eyes, with lids to them; *Item*, One neck, one chin, and so forth) she did not go on to itemize the so forths. If the time were the present, and Olivia a film star or model, she would have continued: Bust 38 ins.; waist 22 ins.; hips 35 ins.

In the putting across of what is called cheesecake, the commercial exploitation of feminine charm, the so forths are more important than the face. And of all the so forths it is those which comprise the bust that are most purposefully pushed to the forefront of every photograph. Legs, now, are relatively retiring; it was in the 1920s that they reached, with the shortest skirts, their greatest influence. On the screen, leg appeal was epitomized by Marlene Dietrich; in *Society* by Doris Delevingne; and in magazines by the "It Girl." To-day, in the battle for fame and fortune, it is the bust which is in the van. Hips bring up, with encircling movements, reinforcements from the rear; legs, although not actually non-combatant, are held in reserve: semi-secret weapons.

The bust, of course, is not a modern accessory; the modernity lies in the manner in which it is deployed. The National Portrait Gallery reveals many bosoms—famous, gracious, noble and royal—the extent of the revelation being quite equal to that of to-day. But not

since Renaissance times, when alabaster shoulders joyously burst out from the strait-bodice of puritanism, has there been anything to parallel the provocative flaunting that goes on in cheesecake circles; *not* in fashionable ones. Cheesecake, indeed, has nothing to do with the art of dressing or the dignities of the mode. Cheesecake is done up in unfashionable, although expensive wrappings; it is tastelessly packaged, like cheap cosmetics.

There must, however, be no confusion about the exponents of cheesecake. "Set them down as spoils of opportunity," if you like, yet they are daughters of a comparatively new game, one which did not exist before the invention of photography. The first cheesecakes were the "Professional Beauties" of the late nineteenth century, picture postcards of whom sold by the thousand. The term is misleading: Professional Beauty did not imply membership of an old profession. It came into use when actresses began to gain acceptance in drawing-rooms, and in consequence and to counter such, great efforts were made to raise the standard of aristocratic loveliness. Writing of the year 1880 Max Beerbohm said:

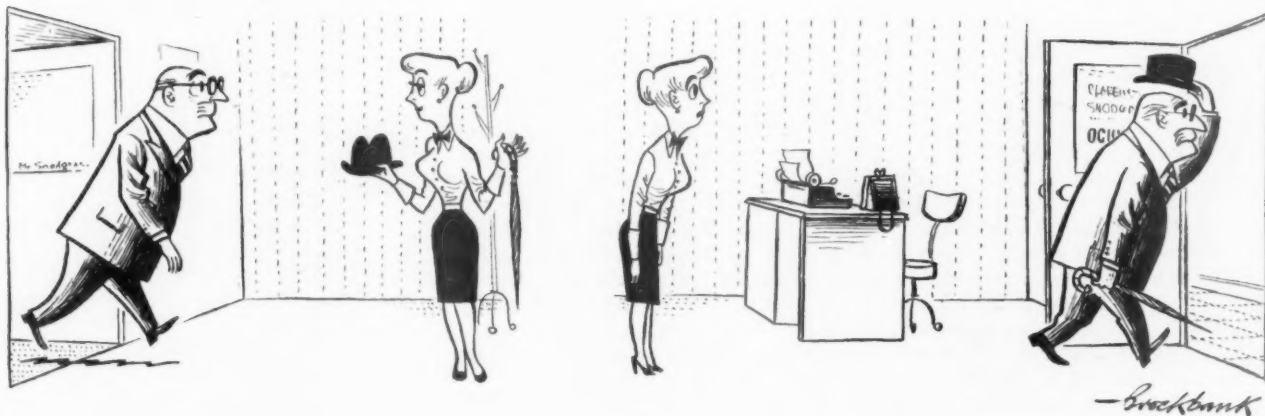
"What the term 'Professional Beauty' signified, how any lady gained a right to it, we do not and may never know. It is certain, however, that there were many ladies of tone upon whom it was bestowed. They received special attention from

the Prince of Wales, and hostesses would move heaven and earth to have them in their rooms. Their photographs were on sale in the window of every shop. Crowds assembled every morning to see them start from Rotten Row."

Pre-eminent among Professional Beauties were Lady Lonsdale, Mrs. Wheeler, who always "appeared in black," Mrs. Cornwallis West, and Mrs. Langtry.

Those early Raphael Tuckeries with their S-bend figures (top so-ons exactly balancing bottom so-forths: 36 ins.—18 ins.—36 ins.) were the pin-up girls of that age. Yet their figures, discipline and corseted, discouraged as well as beckoned. What perverse magnetism the steel-busked corset had over the years! At least a century earlier Horace Walpole wrote of a young gentleman who had been overturned and terribly bruised by a lady's Vulcanian Stays. "They now wear a steel busk down their middle and a rail of the same metal across their breasts. If a hero attempts to storm such strong lines, and comes to a close engagement, he must lie as ill at ease as St. Lawrence on his gridiron!"

Small wonder that the redoubtable Professional Beauties were superseded in popular photographic appeal by a more yielding, more accessible type: the chocolate box girls, smiling, prinking, with large limpid eyes (pools), and dimpled chins. On calendars, magazine covers, and chocolate boxes they were





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usually treated as head-and-shoulders subjects in encircling frames: cameos in camisoles. They had an amateurish look. To-day, publicity agents see to the professional touch.

It is these publicity agents, we are led to believe, who decide how inflationary shall be the curves, how low the neckline, how deep the cleavage. With calculating detachment they go to work as though on a physical geography map: sketching in contours, marking the mountain tips, shading the sweep of the valleys. It is nothing whatsoever to do with fashion; it is all to do with shape. And the owner of the shape, the film or television actress, the photographer's model, is just so much raw material to

be worked up into a glossy finished product: no accomplice she, just a sport of the commercial game. This may be true enough of some young starlets, prematurely snatched from their home hemispheres by beauty competitions; but what of the arch exponents of cheesecake, those who reach the pent-house at the top? Do they really get there without knowing how? It makes an enchanting legend—particularly as told by Cecil Beaton:

"She [Marilyn Monroe] has rocketed from obscurity to become our post-war sex symbol—the pin-up girl of an age. Transfigured by the garish marvel of Technicolor and CinemaScope, she walks like an undulating basilisk, scorching everything in her path but

the rosemary bushes. Her voice has the sensuality of silk or velvet. But the real marvel lies in the paradox—somehow we know that this extraordinary performance is pure charade, a little girl's caricature of Mae West. The puzzling truth is that Miss Monroe is a make-believe siren, unsophisticated as a Rhine maiden, innocent as a sleepwalker. She is an urchin pretending to be grown up . . ."

This thrice-married maiden, this unsophisticated sex symbol, has done well with sophisticated Mr. Beaton: he has succumbed to the little girl illusion. But his tribute, although recent, was written before the Royal Film Performance. The line-up of film stars in the foyer on that occasion must surely have killed all little-girl myths stone dead. Anita Ekberg, appearing carved out like some mermaid figure-head breasting the waves, could have hid no hope in that bosom of being considered a make-believe siren. Brigitte Bardot, candidly Gallic, made no attempt to plead innocent. And Miss Monroe in, just in, a golden gown depending from the uttermost reaches of a brazen bust—was she a little girl pretending to be grown up?

Nature may have intended Marilyn for threading daisy-chains, but is she really sleep-walking when she glides through the meadows "like an undulating basilisk"? Mr. Beaton's valediction was charming: "Like Giradoux's Ondine, she is only fifteen; and she will never die." But less hyper-sensitive plates record other impressions. The valediction of the man on the pavement when the stars depart is more likely to be a plain rendering of the first two lines of the eighty-seventh sonnet:

*Farewell! thou art too dear for my  
possessing,  
And like enough thou know'st thy  
estimate.*

### Girthery Rhyme

for Hollywood Daughters

THIRTY-one, thirty-two,  
Nothing for you;  
Thirty-three, thirty-four,  
Wait at the door;  
Thirty-five, thirty-six,  
Telly and pics;  
Thirty-seven, thirty-eight,  
Kid, you're great;  
Thirty-nine, forty and forty-one,  
Too much bosom is worse than none.  
(Tradit.)



## Cheesecake and the Unconscious

By ROBIN IRONSIDE

ON the subject of cheesecake, *"tout est dit en l'on vient trop tard dans un monde trop vieux."*

As a sales technique it is probably older and more universal than any other. It has even been employed, in a circumspet manner, for the advancement of Christianity. One of the most outstanding examples of the contemporary use of cheesecake in the ecclesiastical or in any other field was sponsored by the Anglican Church in 1954 when Miss Graham Turnbull, the Vegetable Venus of Gosforth, performed the Dance of the Seven Veils ("Dad sat up all night to sew the sequins on the costume I wore under them") in the local church hall in order to raise the money to buy a length of coronation carpet for the church itself.

That the modern professors of advertising should only recently have realized its importance for their business is probably due less to any lingering respect for outmoded standards of propriety than to the level at which the game, as it must be called, of advertising is played.

The deliberate efforts of publicity men to stimulate the libido of potential clients are, however, unlikely to rival the effortless success with which their unconscious minds spontaneously perform the same task.

A superficial study of the advertisements appearing in the Press reveals the remarkable extent to which the power of cheesecake is unwittingly exploited by anyone with anything to sell. In the case of furniture, for example, it could hardly be fortuitous that bedroom suites should be described not as in Chippendale or Queen Anne style but simply, and with a more direct appeal, as in "reproduction" style; that these suites usually include what the advertiser calls a tallboy rather than a cupboard may be supposed to enhance, in the eyes of the purchasers, the stylistic merits of the whole. Similarly, the offer to dispose of a strip projector "in unrepeatable conditions" is likely to arouse the sensual appetites of any normally constituted person, however alien to these desires the actual practical import of such an offer may be. In certain instances the symbolical expression of cheesecake in the advertisement columns of the

newspapers is more difficult to interpret. We may distinctly perceive the element of cheesecake in the offer for sale of a "Mighty atom air-drill, pop rivet, hand holding pliers, lazy tongs and skin-pins, including dollies," but this highly suggestive catalogue defies any attempts at detailed exegesis.

If we admit, as we must, the widespread incidence of the unconscious use of cheesecake, we are driven, inevitably, to consider how far this unconscious activity may be obscured by symbolical expression, and its practice therefore be still more widespread than could reasonably be inferred by any observer other than a qualified psychologist. The list of female sex symbols, according to the standard literature, includes such a diversity of objects as bags, pockets, caverns, rings, targets, muffs, front doors, rooms, windows, cages, stoves, boats and drawers. This variety raises a host of questions to which no answer can be attempted here. But it can be said that the text of the advertisements for any article which is also an acknowledged female sex symbol makes very curious reading for anyone who may be prepared to concede its dual significance. For such enlightened persons the phenomenon of cheesecake is no more than a symptom, temporarily conspicuous, of one of the perennial pre-occupations of humanity. They are not

deceived by the accusations of vulgarity with which it has been violently assailed, and they are aware of the ambivalence in those who are repelled by the salesman's habit of re-christening with the feminine diminutive nearly every commodity that could conceivably bear it. Modern psychology has apparently accepted the interesting idea that the disgusting and the delicious are apt to be synonymous, and if the allure of such words as *featurette* or *kitchenette* inspires us with repugnance we should ask ourselves whether this is not because their erogenous quality has touched us too sharply and too profoundly.

If there is anything regrettable in the modern use of cheesecake as an implement of publicity it is not its vulgarity but in its obsessively illogical application. Reason would surely suggest that the sale to men of electric razors, collars or ties would be most effectively promoted by a publicity campaign featuring the charms of a Marilyn Monroe or an Audrey Hepburn; and, conversely, that women would be more eager to spend their money on fur coats or lace underclothes if pressed to do so by advertisements in which the text was supported by pictures of a Victor Mature or a Gregory Peck. On the whole, however, the reverse is true, and such an irrational state of affairs is only partially explained by the fact that we live in an age in which the Common Man is apt also to be a crazy, mixed-up personality.





## It Moithers Me Too

By E. S. TURNER

**A**MATEUR Photographer is not interested in "cheesecake," though it did once admit that "even cheesecake can be artistic and good photography." To show its readers the proper approach to nude studies the magazine criticizes the composition of those which it publishes. Whereas the layman, deplorably, tends to see only naked women, the expert sees them overlaid with triangles, right angles, spirals, zigzags and even dollar signs. Small line sketches of the portraits are reproduced with these geometrical devices superimposed, so that everyone shall know what to look for. Thus, a dressing-room study of two chorus girls (the farther one bare from the midriff up) is commended for this reason:

"The overlapping triangles created by the two girls link them together, while providing an impression of depth, and the girl farthest from the camera is given principality because she fits the larger triangle and is lighter in tone."

From this the student realizes exactly why it was that his attention was drawn to the girl farther from the camera. He notes, however, that even in the educated eye of *Amateur Photographer* the picture has "tremendous subject interest." The beginner may find it

more difficult to understand the assessment of another study, a frontal view of a nude (frontal views are liable to be described as "honest," "sincere" and "lacking in false modesty.") The editorial squiggle imposed on this study consists of a wavy, vertical line running down the body, crossed by two horizontal, parallel lines, one through the eyeballs and the other through the bust. The picture is, indeed, a felicitous blend of lines and curves, but (the beginner may ask) why give the photographer the credit for designing the woman?

Let us assume, however, that the amateur has gained some idea of what is needed and is now ready to start taking nude photographs (it is supposed that he has grown out of photographing kittens in jugs).

His first requirement is a model. The experts, he will find, are ready to give him any advice on the subject, except how to get hold of one. According to Miss Joan Craven, a high priestess of this cult, "If you have not very much experience of figure photography it is better to engage a professional model. She will not be embarrassed and spoil your pictures by having a self-conscious expression."

Mr. Walden Hammond says "I favour strangers rather than friends, who may expect to be idealized." He thinks professional models are often dull and expressionless, "whereas amateurs are often at the top of their agreeable form in enthusiastic endeavour to express the emotion demanded of the moment."

Obviously the aspirant must make his own decision as between amateur and professional models. After all, he knows his own friends best. He will also have a fair idea whether his wife and family are likely to give him whole-hearted encouragement in his new hobby.

The next problem is *where* to take the photographs. In a reminiscent article Mr. S. D. Jouhar admits that out-of-doors studies are "difficult." Especially were they difficult, it seems, in war-time, when all persons with cameras were suspect. Mr. Jouhar recalls that during the late war "much time was wasted extricating myself from the clutches of the law." It is a fascinating thought that a photographer can secure release from arrest by a plea that he is merely proposing to take nude photographs. Mr. Jouhar had his successes; his article is illustrated by a war-time shot of two

nymphs on the edge of a deep bomb-crater. His preference, however, is for figures "posed in sand dunes or wet sand."

Not every amateur photographer has a studio. Miss Joan Craven faces up to this problem in an article entitled "Beginners, Please." She says "Maybe you have a garage or could borrow one, and you can always borrow a sheet." The garage may well be full of "old oil drums, lengths of hose-pipe and what have you," but, she says, "there is beauty in the oddest things." Her article is illustrated by several enchanting studies of garage art. One of them shows a silhouetted girl in an attitude of supplication before an oil drum. In another the girl is holding aloft a large reel of sticky paper, the ends of which trail gracefully down.

We shall never know how many readers sought to act on Miss Craven's instructions. I have tried, not too successfully, to reconstruct the sort of dialogue which may well have been heard in Orpington and Harrow: "I say, old man, do you mind if I borrow your garage to-morrow night?"—"Not at all. What do you want it for?"—"Well, actually, I want to photograph naked women in it"—"Oh, by all means. I'll get some of the junk taken out"—"No, no, I want the junk, but perhaps you could lend me an electric radiator?"

I found myself wondering, anxiously, how the photographer's wife contrived to brush aside questions like "Why is that pretty lady in the garage with Daddy?" Again, I tried to put myself in the position of an educated policeman (that is, a policeman who once dipped into a volume of *Krafft-Ebing*) when, peering through a lighted chink in the garage door at "The Cedars," he sees a respectable householder taking pictures of a nude tottering on one leg on an oil drum with festoons of gummed paper around her.

Industriously I searched the correspondence columns of *Amateur Photographer*, looking for letters from readers who might have encountered difficulties in following Miss Craven's advice. I did not find any. Indeed it must be assumed that no complaints were received, for Miss Craven is still a valued contributor. A recent article by her tells how to combine nude studies with "lucillographs." This operation involves

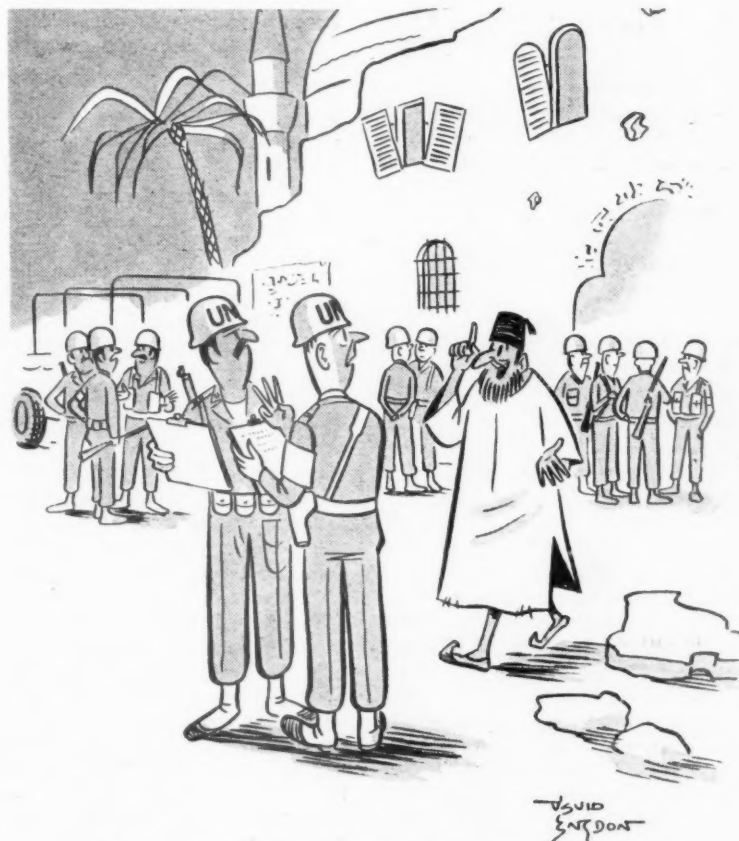
first photographing the motions of a swinging torch and then superimposing the girl on the resulting geometrical pattern. Focusing the camera on the torch is a tiresome task which means lying on one's back on the floor, and "should be relegated to an enthusiastic young brother." Those of a scientific or mechanical mind, says Miss Craven, can no doubt work out parabolas of pre-determined shapes and sizes, but "this sort of thing moithers me." What may moither her neophytes is the problem of getting rid of that enthusiastic young brother before the second part of the operation is begun.

In an earlier article, entitled "Photograph Your Nightmares," Miss Craven explains how to portray nudes struggling with long coiled springs. "Number Five was a beast to do," she admits. "It took ages to get the girl into the sloping coil." But on the whole she finds nightmare photography well worth while, and exclaims "What fun

the psycho-analyst can have with the results!"

After much research I came across a troubled letter in the files of *Amateur Photographer* from "M. J." of Manchester, who writes: "I would appreciate if you would explain when a nude figure comes under the acts relating to obscenity." The answer was as unhelpful as it was regretful: "We are sorry to have to tell you that there is no legal definition dividing the acceptable nude photograph from the one that is considered obscene."

Those who lack the nerve to take up nude figure photography, who feel that there is too ill-defined a line between the accolade of a full-page reproduction in *Amateur Photographer* and a ride in a Black Maria, have another course open to them. They can always send away for a set of those art figure studies advertised in the back of the magazine. It's not the same as taking your own, but it's probably safer.



"You need liaison between U.N. forces? I speak all language."



**W**HAT an impossible place the House of Commons is these days. On Monday Commander Noble was due to make his Foreign Office debut. There were some interesting questions to which most Members were doubtless anxious to hear the answers, but in the event only four Foreign Office questions were taken at all and the time instead dissipated in two insane wrangles. The first was about Mr. Braine's allegation that Mr. Wedgwood Benn was Nasser's lackey. "Whether he still . . . whether he still . . . whether he still . . ." Mr. Wedgwood Benn repeated over and over again above the uproar, like a gramophone needle that has stuck. The second was about the question whether the captured Sinai cache told us anything more than we already knew about Russian arms in Egypt. The first

of these disturbances was, as the Speaker justly ruled, the less serious because the sillier. A lackey is a paid servant and he could not believe that Mr. Braine intended seriously to suggest that Mr. Benn was in Colonel Nasser's paid service. It was just abuse, and words, as Mr. Evelyn Waugh has said, were never intended to be a means of communication. As to the second it seems from Commander Noble's answer that we did not learn from the cache anything about Russian arms that we did not know already. If so, it was a legitimate question to ask why Mr. Thorneycroft used the word "disclosed," but Mr. Stokes is an old enough Parliamentary hand to know how to put his questions without violating the rules of order and turning the House into a shambles. The wisdom, wit and patience of the Speaker during all this tedious rubbish are beyond praise.

Through it Mr. Henry Brooke sat on the Treasury bench with a patch over his right eye, acquired before and not during the sitting of the House—the result of an offensive action by a twig when he was gardening.

After that a good, dull, important debate on Civil Aviation, which was just what the House needed. In it appeared a number of curious suggestions of which the most curious was Mr. Cronin's, that people who fly from London to Paris do not want lunch. Then an adjournment debate by Mr. David Price on Hungary, which showed the sympathy of all parts of the House with the Hungarians, but showed also, alas, how very little we could do about it. More generous relief and easier immigration regulations was about the sum, and on Tuesday Mr. Deedes for the Home Office made a generally welcome promise of these.

The House had expected a statement from the Prime Minister on Tuesday on the ticklish question of our withdrawal from Port Said. Instead it was met with the news of his illness. There is in the House a pleasant tradition of generosity towards personal misfortune which shows itself even at moments of the highest tension, and Mr. Griffiths honoured this tradition. The statement was postponed until Thursday, and even when it came Mr. Butler could only plead that the Foreign Secretary had not yet spoken at the United

Nations, so he could not carry us very much farther—not nearly far enough to please either the Socialists who wanted us to go out at once or Mr. Julian Amery who wanted a pledge of international control of the Canal. The ovation of the afternoon went to Captain Waterhouse. Genial cheers came from all parts of the House. The Captain purred, though what were the proportions of irony, admiration and derision in the cheers it would be hard to say. The House equally did not get very much farther over the "collusion" mystery. Mr. Butler said that he stood



Mr. Anthony Nutting

by "the categorical statement" of the Foreign Secretary, but then, as Mr. Grimond pointed out, the Foreign Secretary's statement was not at all categorical.

The Prime Minister's illness left—somewhat unexpectedly—the Lords as the centre of Tuesday's interest, with a nice little debate about West Indian immigrants. The gist of it was that the West Indians had behaved very well, but that it would be a bit difficult if unemployment should begin to show itself. Some regulations might then be



necessary. "We don't want to lose you, but we don't think you ought to come," seemed to be their lordships' theme song.

But Tuesday also brought to the Commons the news of the departure of a very old familiar face. There can be few who have agreed with Stanley Evans in all his opinions. There can be none, however much they may have disagreed, who are not the sadder for the loss of one of Parliament's best loved and most honoured Members—one who has done almost more than any other Member to keep alive the tradition of fearless independence. Parliament will be a great deal poorer for the loss of him.

The next day brought an even heavier personal blow with the death of Sir Rhys Hopkin Morris, another

when Mr. Powell rose to move the Rent Bill. "Socialists were more numerous. The literary honour of the Front Bench needed salvaging, for the Minister of Transport had just spoken of "dualling" one part of the Great North Road and his Parliamentary Secretary of "detrunking" another part. Mr. Powell brought to the Rent Restriction Bill that same mastery of minutiae which he once gave to the more entertaining topic of Herodotus, and no one could catch him out in his knowledge of the bill or shake his contention that the present system both kept occupiable premises unoccupied and involved the most arbitrary inequalities between one tenant and another. To Mr. Mitchison, the Laird of Carradale, the bill was "preposterous . . . iniquitous . . . ill-timed . . . harsh . . . misconceived." Words, he said, failed him—but not, alas, until he had spoken for nearly three quarters of an hour.

It suited Mr. Sandys well enough that attention should be diverted from his bill to other topics. Mr. Sandys is not so foolish as to like the limelight when he can get by without it. He accomplished a few years ago the considerable Parliamentary feat of denationalizing steel almost without anybody noticing it. He would be only too glad if he could abolish rent restriction in the same way. He could not quite do that, but there was little heart in the

heckling of him. It will take a great deal more than that to get down so tough a man as Mr. Sandys. The Sandys, emphatically, are not running out.

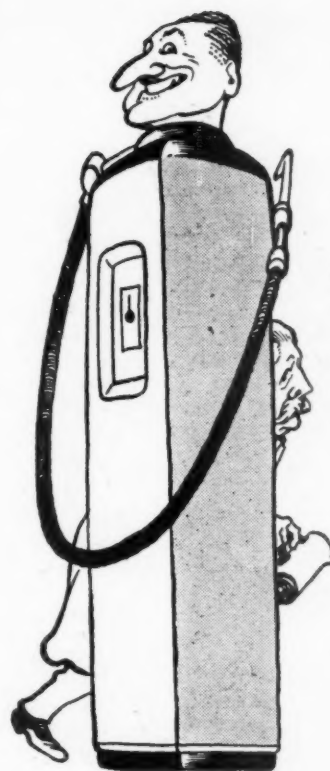
CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



Mr. Stanley Evans

sturdy fighter for independence until independence was swallowed up in impartiality when he was called to the Chairman's seat in which he had been presiding only the previous evening.

Under-Secretaries are getting a slightly better deal these days. Mr. Profumo was allowed to kick off on Monday and Mr. Powell on Wednesday. Rent, for all its importance, is not a subject that has ever aroused the disinterested excitement of anyone except Ricardo. Conservative Members had a more interesting engagement upstairs and their benches were sparsely occupied



## Anything Can Happen

"If anything should happen to you, your wife will get £20 MONTHLY and £1000 in CASH . . ."—Insurance Advertisement

ANY day, anywhere, anything can happen to any man

As sure as anything happened to Queen Anne.

Old soldiers are the only exception; to them, they say,

Anything never happens; they simply fade away.

Generals, however, do not come under this head:

When anything happens to them it happens in bed.

When anything happened to Charles the Second

It took an unconscionable time, or so he reckoned;

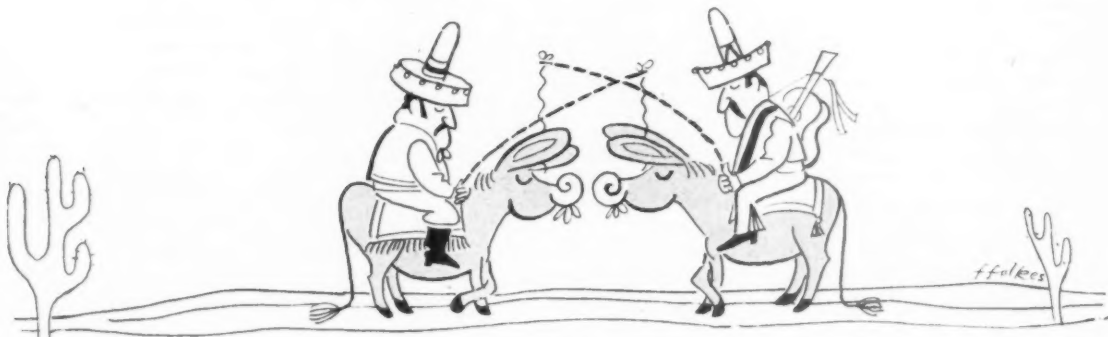
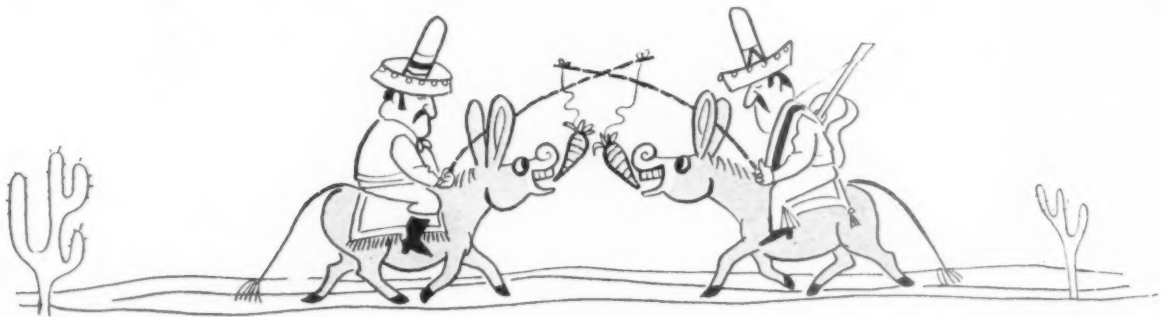
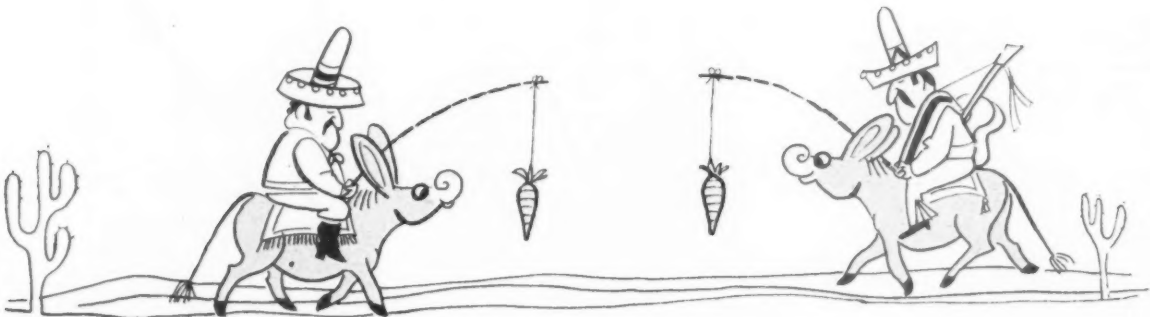
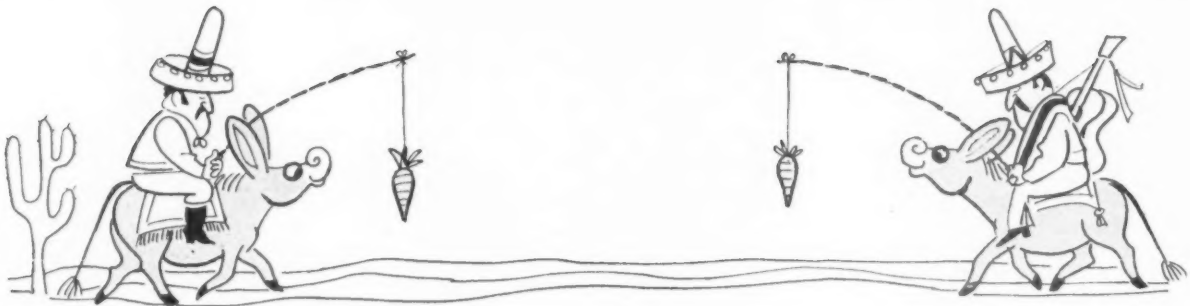
And until anything happens we are all, no matter how sick,

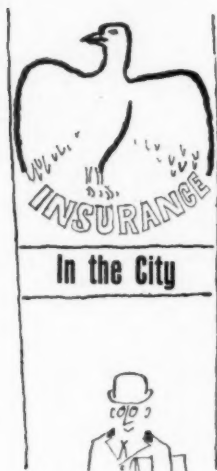
By the Prayer Book collectively classified as the quick;

Our instinct it is continuously to try

To prevent anything from happening and never say die.

E. V. Milner





### Saving without too Many Tears

A HAMMERING always makes Throgmorton Street fretful. Much as it loves private enterprise and its differential awards the City still has a vested interest in equality of opportunity. It thrives on financial equanimity and predictable oscillations of the trade cycle. Cataclysms it hates, for when the conventions are down the Street becomes a bear-garden and a bull-ring and there is danger on all sides.

The unrest of the past weeks has left many casualties. A few of the luckier or slicker operators have made rich killings, but most investors have been cornered by the slump in oil shares and Government securities, and commission-men have suffered from the general decline in dealings. Between the alarms of July and the reckoning of mid-November, prices fluttered with every move in the Suez wrangle—down with the ultimatum to Egypt, up with the cease fire, and so on—but during this period BP sagged from 174 to 123s., Burmah from 112 to 77s., Shell from 163 to 140s. Shares in chemicals, cars, steel, electricals and engineering also took very hard knocks.

The slump coincided with a new Government attempt to increase National Savings, and there can be little doubt that support for Lord Mackintosh has drawn some of the ozone from Throgmorton Street. Between August, when the new issue of Savings Certificates was launched, and the end of October, sales of certificates totalled £140 m., indicating a weekly rate of saving three times as high as a year ago. The new certificates yield about 4½ per cent tax-free when held to maturity,

and for the small investor who is looking for nominal capital security and a smart return there is nothing better on the market.

In the City the new certificates are not enormously popular. It is argued that the interest rate ("unrealistic") pushes up the cost of servicing other savings and loans to the inflationary bursting point—which means merely that the very existence of this gilt-edged refuge for idle money makes commercial borrowing increasingly expensive. It is also argued that the fine record of the Savings movement is largely fictitious, that the bulk of new savings consist of old savings transferred to another drawer. There is evidence to support this view in the fact that a high proportion of the new certificates and Defence bonds issued are retailed in large parcels to customers who are obviously neither small nor new savers.

But this was bound to happen, and it is too early yet to say whether the new design of National Savings will earn its more costly keep. One thing is

certain however—that the slump in equities has frightened away a large number of marginal investors. "Dabbling on the Stock Exchange" has proved once again to be a very risky business for people with small savings. For the time being the squirrels cannot do better than hoard their nuts with the building societies, reputable hire-purchase finance houses and National Savings. If they are reasonably optimistic and can afford to take a small risk there is always the sanctuary of the unit trusts.

The one bright spot in the markets (if we exclude the ever-temperamental Kaffirs) is the shipping section. It's an ill wind etcetera . . . The promise of feverish activity in the yards and sea lanes has caused a revival of interest in shipping shares of all kinds, and most of them now stand as high as at any time this year. P. & O., Liner Holding, Cunard, Furness Withy and Court Line have all be strongly supported. Any port in a storm. MAMMON



### Alibi for Arcady

THE reasons people give when they are asked why they choose to live in the country, as opposed to in a town, are varied except in this respect—that they are uniformly untrue.

Some of us will say that we prefer our draughty cottage to a London flat because it is more comfortable; others, no more honest, will pretend that it is healthier there. And, driven to defend their habitat, they will say they are indifferent to draughts or even maintain that dampness is a positive panacea. I know of some people who settled in a remote Somerset village, seeking quietness. They maintain they have found it and are apparently deaf to the fourteen small petrol-engines surrounding them, the noise of which perforates the night.

And I have met others who say that they sought peace in the countryside and will stoutly affirm that they found it there; in spite of the fact that they are, like all country people, immersed in gossip, slander and petty feuds. Personally, I'm beginning to think that people live in the country only because nothing is so dear to them as their complaints.

Of course I'm more honest myself. I don't pretend the country is cheaper, quieter, healthier or more peaceful. I know that I like it because it gives me certain sensuous experiences which I cannot do without. I am, for instance, morbidly attached to the smell of leather and have kept up a stable for twenty years in order to indulge my nose. And then there is, of course, beetroot. It is my mania to grow beetroot. Not because I like eating it. To tell the truth, I am indifferent to its flavour. But who can resist the thrill of skinning a cooked beetroot? It does come off. It skids off to reveal a crimson more crimson than any rose. Then, slicing it, you see the patterns on each piece as they sliver into the vinegar.

Somebody now remarks that these cannot be valid reasons either why I live in my ditch; because, as they point out, leather is obtainable in cities and so is beetroot too. I'm not grateful for these observations. Confession never was very profitable.

RONALD DUNCAN



# CRITICISM



## BOOKING OFFICE

### Officers, Also Gentlemen

**Gallant Gentlemen.** E. S. Turner. *Michael Joseph, 18/-*

THE phrase "an officer and a gentleman," which persists in the Army Act to the annoyance of Labour M.P.s and others, is more comprehensive than its originators probably intended, for the conduct of an officer and the conduct of a gentleman have not always been necessarily identical. The code of good manners accepted to-day (against which, under Section 16 of the Army Act, an officer commits an offence if he gives a dud cheque or writes an anonymous letter to his C.O.) derives less from the gentry than from the middle classes. Its basis is the avoidance of giving offence to others, an obligation which the gentleman, before his position became imperilled by the inroads of democracy, by no means always admitted.

A couple of centuries ago bravery was talent enough to secure for an officer the devotion of his men, no matter how odd his behaviour in other respects. Only as his professional skills became more complicated did it become clear that the correspondence between the characteristics of an officer and the characteristics of a gentleman had been largely accidental.

Colonel Percy Kirke, of "Kirke's Lambs," was reputed "a loud-mouthed lecher, who allowed his officers and men to lie drunk in the streets all night" and who, when Governor of Tangier, appointed his mistress's brother Garrison Chaplain; nevertheless his men would follow him everywhere. Yet two hundred years later, for conduct far less unbridled—he had forced a younger officer, in the middle of the night, to go through his sword exercises in a state of nudity—Lieutenant Greer of the 46th Regiment found himself pilloried in the press, an object of national execration. Impudence and swagger were no longer enough.

In *Gallant Gentlemen* E. S. Turner has made an exceptionally interesting examination of the officer's changing

status between 1600 and the present day. It is a light-hearted book, but it is certainly not frivolous. On the contrary it is a serious contribution to the art of "man-management" and ought to be read not only by all officers of the forces but by everyone privileged to be in charge of men.

Some standards, as he shows, are perdurable; in 1642 the Earl of Essex wrote "I shall desire every officer by

obtained by monetary payment irrespective of the qualities of the purchaser; yet officers like Sir Henry Havelock ("I was purchased over by three sots and two fools"), who spoke out against the principle, did not disdain to accelerate their own promotion by its agency, and in most cases it seems to have worked very well—well enough to satisfy Wellington, at any rate, who was no light judge of officers.

All the same, an unthinking devotion to tradition probably hampered the development of the forces seriously until, during the world wars, officers had to be found from "men lacking nicknames, calling each other 'Mister,' trying to carry their own valises; men with no desire to attend race-meetings, who had sat in no saddles but those of bicycles; men who sat about the mess and read, instead of swinging on chandeliers" and proved in many cases to be as capable of commanding soldiers as their Regular colleagues. To-day, officers are almost completely professional in their attitude, gentlemen no more, and no less, than their bank managers or their solicitors.

Yet if the forces of reaction should ever feel the need of a weapon against the advancing tide of service democracy they have an argument to hand that no candid soldier will dispute. The regiments which to-day are most conspicuous for bravery and dash are those in which the old-fashioned tradition of the gentleman remains strongest; namely, the cavalry and the Guards. Mr. Turner's book shows plainly enough why this should be so. It also shows, alas, that it is not likely to remain so for ever. B. A. YOUNG



love and affable courage to command his soldiers," and the maxim was still in use in 1942. Sir Philip Sidney at Zutphen acted truly as becomes an officer in any century. On the other hand, changes seen easily enough to-day to have been for the better met dogged opposition, and not only from bull-headed conservatism. It may have been a bad thing that John Boscawen Savage should have been commissioned into the 91st Foot at the age of two; but he became a major-general and a knight. Wolfe was an ensign at fourteen, Napier at twelve, Sir William Gomm at nine. Confronted by such examples, no one could take his oath that infant commissioning was invariably wrong.

It was probably immoral that commissions and promotions could be

## In Clear Focus

**The Loving Eye.** William Sansom. *Hogarth Press, 13/6*

Looking out of his window one morning across the back gardens spring-fresh with leaves, birds and the roving, secret life of cats, Matthew Ligne sees in a window opposite a "strange new woman." What happens after that? To tell the truth, nothing very much.





experience to produce a readable life of a vanished journalist, though he does not discuss what kind of a journalist he was and why. The friendship of Lord Beaverbrook is, perhaps, the real theme of the book.

R. G. G. P.

## AT THE PLAY



*Occupe-toi d'Amélie*  
Christophe Colomb—Intermezzo  
(PALACE)  
Fanny (DRURY LANE)

A RICH week, with three plays from the Madeleine Renaud—Jean-Louis Barrault Company which engage their dazzling attack on totally different fronts. So far as I am concerned nothing could be much funnier than their handling of *Occupe-toi d'Amélie*, by Georges Feydeau, the author of *Hotel Paradiso*. Last week we were enchanted by the delicacy and elegance of Madeleine Renaud as the countess in *Le Chien du Jardinier*; here, in this unrepentantly bedroom farce, she becomes by personal magic the most disarming of cocottes, all romp and mischief. The play is too long, and fades towards the end, but all the same it still retains some of the momentum of happy lunacy generated by a cast as utterly at home in it as no English company could hope to be. Their pace and invention are unfailing, and even in individual moments of triumph they still act as a team. After Mme. Renaud honours go particularly to Jean-Pierre

Granval for his tearful servant (a dejected beetle), to Jean Desailly, who bears the chief brunt of the battle, to Pierre Bertin for his sonorous potentate, and to Barrault himself, content with the small part of a decrepit clerk but making of it a mimed parody of every fossil in the public service.

Someone said of him that he is not a man but a bomb, and the restless striving for perfection which has made him the leader of the French theatre can be better appreciated after seeing his daring production of Claudel's *Christophe Colomb*. Barrault has a theory of "total" theatre, meaning that all the arts are admissible if they can be fused theatrically; on the surface it is not dissimilar from Brecht's, but the ends are completely opposite, for Barrault aims to stir the senses as well as the minds of his audience, not gorge it with little chunks of predigested political suet. In this production he blends music, cinema, chorus, mime, ballet, sound effects, shadowgraph and a cunning variety of lighting with the acting of a large cast; and what may sound a bag of tricks is used so surely that it becomes brilliantly successful.

Colombus, a visionary tragically broken by stupidity and ingratitude, is doubled. The old Columbus, near his end, joins the main body of actors in the orchestra pit to watch his younger self unfolding the story of his life, compered by a professor reading from a tome. The

stage is on several levels, the topmost providing the ship's deck; above it hangs a great white sail, which serves as the projection screen. The actors come and go from the pit as needed; they form an argumentative chorus, shouting their comments in magnificent unison. The fluidity of the production is marvellously controlled, the language fine and the dramatic excitement of such moments as Columbus' return in disgrace to find his last hope gone, as he meets the funeral procession of his patroness, Queen Isabelle, superb.

The speech, precision and spirit of the whole cast is something rare in the theatre, and at the centre Barrault, adding his power of mime to the sharp, uncompromising force of his acting, gives a notable performance. One reservation only: I felt, as I did in Paris, that the end is an anti-climax, when Columbus joins the Queen in heaven. This is beautifully staged, and Madeleine Renaud looks every inch one's most hopeful idea of an angel, but it is just a shade wedding-cake and pantomime.

The last in this French repertory is Giraudoux's *Intermezzo*, a fantasy about a haunted village under examination by government officials who shoot its spoof-ghost only to raise a genuine spectre appealing more than ever to the schoolmistress, a romantic girl in love with the idea of death. Thanks to the intervention of an equally romantic controller of weights and measures she is saved, but it is a near thing, and the whole village has to take part. Once again I got a curiously Irish feeling from the play's delightful mixture of poetry, philosophy and gentle satire on love and provincial bumbledom. It is charmingly done, mainly by Simone Valère, Jean Desailly, Barrault (the ghost), Pierre Bertin and Jean-Pierre Granval, backed by a posse of amazingly natural school-girls.

Even if we had not just been so vividly reminded of the spirit of France, *Fanny* would still have seemed an unforgivable act of murder, and a mighty dull one at that. Marcel Pagnol's original trilogy, one of the most memorable things the cinema has given us, captured the whole feeling of Marseilles in a story which explored with tenderness and humour the workings of a few simple hearts; now it has been pulped to make a stupid and vulgar musical in which the only suggestion of France lies in decor by George Wakhevitch so charming and authentic that it doubly underlines the lamentable un-Frenchness of all the rest. Pagnol's wit and fine shades of feeling are smothered in the engulfing sentimentality of Broadway at its worst. The music is not much better than the lyrics. Robert Morley, the Panisse, is as hopelessly British as the Fanny and the Marius, Janet Pavak and Kevin Scott, are hopelessly American;



Panisse—ROBERT MORLEY

[Fanny

the addition of a beard takes Ian Wallace, the César, no nearer the Old Port than the King's Road. Blame lies not with these capable actors but with those who have had the effrontery to butcher a minor classic.

# Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*Under Milk Wood* (New—29/8/56), Dylan Thomas cunningly staged. *Double Image* (Savoy—21/11/56), an intelligent new thriller. *Plaintiff in a Pretty Hat* (Duchess—24/10/56), a light comedy of quality.

ERIC KEOWN



## AT THE PICTURES

*War and Peace*  
*Loser Takes All*

WE don't have to begin by assuming that because the original was (so the publicity flatly states) "the greatest novel ever written," *War and Peace* (Director: King Vidor) must be, or ought to be, the greatest film ever made, and that in so far as it falls short of being so it is a failure. Some of the critics give the impression that they do take this line. But I think that the idea of making a film based on that enormous packed novel was a perfectly sound one; if you admit the principle of basing any work of art on a different kind of art, there is no reason to draw the line anywhere. The result should be judged not as an attempt at reproduction but as something with a life of its own.

You can't be unaware that this runs for nearly three and a half hours, and is most sumptuously and lavishly "mounted." You have probably also heard a lot of statistics: how many millions it cost, how long it was "in the making," how many thousands of people took part. Another matter about which there can be no argument at all is its magnificent visual quality: in this highly international enterprise the two directors of photography, the British one Jack Cardiff, and the Italian second-unit one Aldo Tonti, have done wonderful things. But once we get away from these facts, nearly every one of the piece's two hundred and seven minutes offers something to dispute about.

I am in favour of a great deal of it, and not merely the spectacular battle scenes (Austerlitz and Borodino), which most people have singled out for praise. I think many of the "peace" episodes



[*War and Peace*]

*Bonaparte (with Staff)*—HERBERT LOM

*Audrey*—MEL FERRER  
*Natasha*—AUDREY HEPBURN

in Moscow, from the great ball scenes (almost as spectacular as a battle) to the smallest interiors and conversation-pieces, are equally good and attractive. There is beautiful playing too: Audrey Hepburn seems to me perfect as Natasha, Henry Fonda is an admirable solid Pierre, and every tiniest moment is decorated with portraits that are in their way memorable. Impossible really to judge such a tremendous work as a whole, to hold it in one's mind and sum it up; there are good passages and, inevitably, inferior ones, and pages would hardly give room to describe them in detail. It is best to say quite simply that I liked it, and that I think most other people will like it.

*Loser Takes All* (Director: Ken Annakin) is very trivial by comparison, but as a little British comedy—it is in CinemaScope, but there's no particular reason why it should be—it has its points. This is a simple story (by Graham Greene) about an accountant who develops a system for winning at Monte Carlo and nearly loses his new bride by starting to behave like a rich man when he does win.

Its charm consists partly in its scene (pleasing pictures of Monaco), partly in the playing of subsidiary parts (e.g. Robert Morley as a bored tycoon), partly in richness and interest of detail. The man (Rossano Brazzi) and the girl (Glynis Johns) have a meal in a pub, and it recalls all meals in pubs; there is a moment when she is carried off in a London bus (which he fails to catch) on a wet night, and again one is reminded of similar occasions. The pleasure here is, to be sure, that of mere recognition, which is by no means high on the aesthetic scale, but it is undeniably a pleasure and it is very skilfully induced, and visually the whole affair is well worth while (photography: Georges Perinal, an old reliable).

The piece is spiked with fragments of song, which I don't think improve it, and there is a certain amount of mere slapstick—there is no other word—involving such things as falling downstairs in a heap, and so forth. But it is quite a bright little piece, and in any other week it would have had more attention.

## Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

There is a good Western, *The Fastest Gun Alive*, and a new Bob Hope, *That Certain Feeling*. (But I never thought I'd see the day when Mr. Hope had to sing a lullaby to a child...) *The Battle of the River Plate* (14/11/56) and *Harvest* (7/11/56) continue.

Among the releases are *The Shark-fighters* (21/11/56) and Disney's lively *The Great Locomotive Chase* (29/8/56).

RICHARD MALLETT

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## ON THE AIR Men in Battle

**D**URING the past four weeks radio and television entertainment has had an ugly international situation stacked against it. There are certain moods of doubt and anxiety from which we cannot escape; there are times when escapist fiction seems to underline the fact of our abortive flight from reality. For four weeks the news has been the most compelling item on the air, and the changeless serials of sport, indoor games and comedy have seemed more trivial, vain and expendable than ever.

It follows, I think, that normal standards of judgment and criticism are in abeyance. I found Lt.-General Sir Brian Horrocks' programme "Dunkirk," the first of a new series on "Men in Battle," wonderfully exciting and stimulating, but I do not know how much of my pleasure can be attributed to the programme's intrinsic merit and how much to private satisfaction on being reminded of a finer and more honourable hour in British history. I found the television excerpt from the Hoffnung Music Festival Concert tiresome in the extreme, but I readily admit that I faced the screen with the uncompromising glare of the dyspeptic theatrical impresario who rebukes a nervous applicant with "Okay, try and make me laugh."

Sir Brian Horrocks is a TV personality. He gives the impression that he is thoroughly at home by the viewer's fire-side and desperately eager to commune. Moreover, he contrives to suggest that the conversation is not one-sided, that his hosts are prompting him with astute remarks and gestures. His script is first-



LT.-GEN. SIR BRIAN HORROCKS

[Men in Battle—The Hoffnung Festival  
GERARD HOFFNUNG

class, the English simple, direct and decorated judiciously with soldier's slang and telling figures of speech. His delivery is perfect. I am told that his programmes are prepared and rehearsed in elaborate detail, and I can well believe it. It is almost impossible to break through the sound-and-vision barrier so successfully and achieve tête-à-tête immediacy without meticulous staff-work.

The Dunkirk programme included lively German and British newsreel pictures of the action, and it is a measure of Sir Brian's strength as a commentator that the film took second place in the viewer's interest.

Visitors to the Festival Hall for the Hoffnung Music Festival have reported enthusiastically on the wit and humour displayed. On the TV screen this odd musical bill never came to life. One heard delighted giggles of appreciation from the audience without feeling any inclination to join in. It was as though the viewer

had gate-crashed into a very private and recherché party to find all the drink consumed and the talk above his head.

To regular viewers the gags must have seemed terribly moth-eaten and chestnutty. Most of the professional comics have ribbed the orchestra and its conventions. The Crazy Gang has had fun—too much fun—with the stooge in the aisles, most Mad Hatter bands have parodied the apparently endless coda of the big symphony, and people like Vic Oliver, Norman Wisdom, Max Wall and Jimmy Edwards have toyed with unlikely instruments and daring transpositions. Once it has been announced that a piece of music is to be scored for vacuum cleaners, floor polishers, rifles or hot-water

bottles the humour of the actual performance, it seems to me, has been irreparably blunted.

Francis Durbridge's dramatic thriller serial, "The Other Man," has finally worked through its heavy ration of deception, suspense and murder, and I am not sorry that it has. For five weeks I have tried, dutifully, to follow the narrative and keep abreast of successive waves of insinuation and suspicion, and with each instalment of the story I have become more and more irritated and frustrated. "Now who's this?" I ask petulantly when some half-remembered character reappears at the telephone. And the answer from my entourage does not help. "He's the man who suspects David, I mean Tony, because . . . no, he isn't, he's the one who says he saw the murder but was obviously lying . . ."

If you like serials Durbridge is obviously your man, and Alan Bromly your producer. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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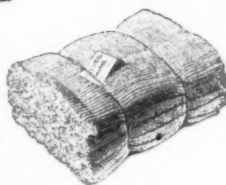
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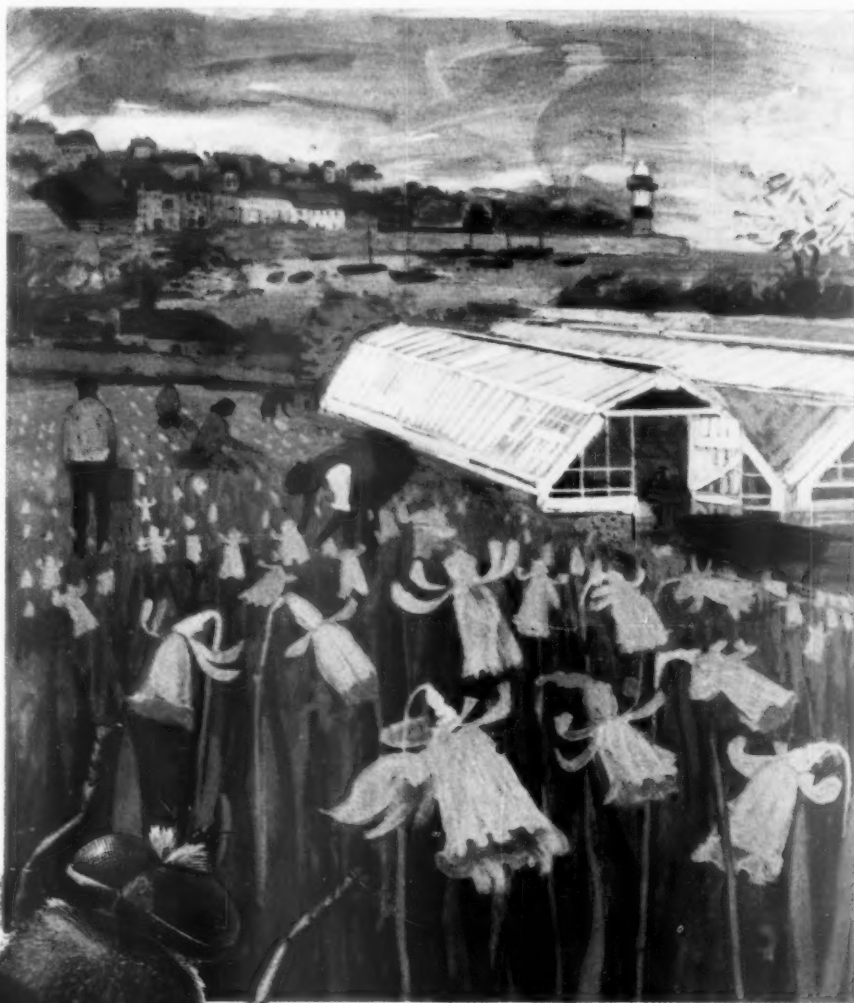
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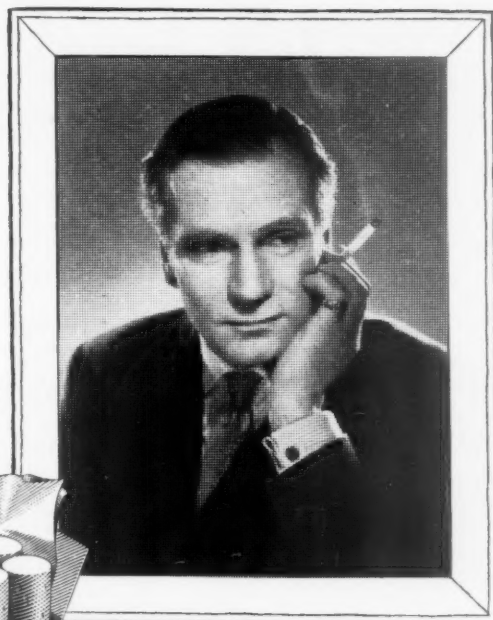


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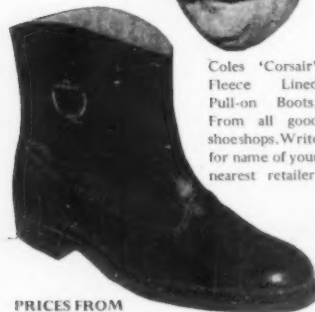
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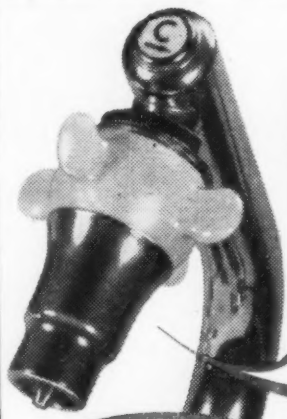
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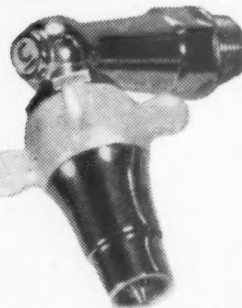
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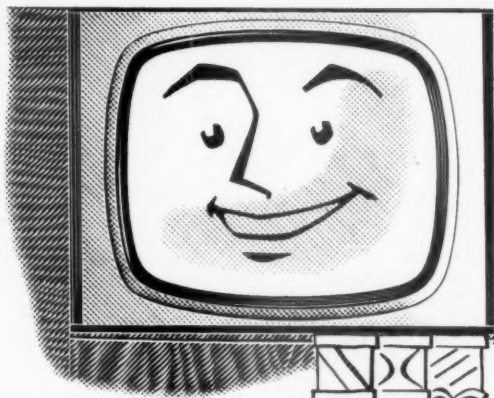
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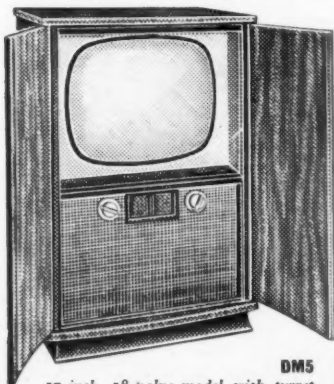


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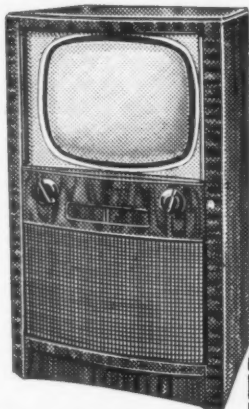
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